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running McDonald's, expects the company—over the next three, five, or ten years—to add roughly 500 new units annually. The businesses will be about 250 domestically, 140 abroad. However, this year, Turner says, McDonald's could open perhaps 600 restaurants, with 240 of them overseas.

With a cash flow of some \$190 million annually, there's been much speculation that McDonald's may travel the diversification route (through acquisitions) to chase up its growth prospects. Forget it: "McDonald's is single-minded," Turner says. "We have a great business with tremendous growth and our mind is set on McDonald's—period."

If you had been lucky enough to buy 100 shares of McDonald's when it went public in 1963, at \$12 1/2 a share, you would now own, factoring in numerous stock splits, 1,636 shares. And they would be worth based on a recent price of around \$41.50 nearly \$71,000. But that was yesterday.

During my interview with Turner, he suddenly started a fire with one of his cigarettes. I looked it with my cup of McDonald's coffee, but not before some papers covering store results for the last three years quickly became ash.

It made me wonder: Was this an eerie foreshadowing of what some analysts on Wall Street have been predicting all along? Will the remarkable but now flailing growth rate that fired up and sustained investor interest in this fast-food giant for so many years also go up in smoke?

## Slow Boat to China

Everybody is dropping over one another for this lucrative business from the People's Republic of China (estimated at \$650-\$900 billion by 1995). And that makes those very aggressive deals from Citibank, which in 1989 opened nine branches in China and was the largest U.S. lender there until the Bank of America and the Commercial Union Bank. But Citibank has a nagging problem. In 1956, it was forced to pay a \$150,000 ransom to the P.R.C. to get out of its branch mainland out of Shanghai—and now it wants at least part of its money back.

In fact, commenting on the 1950 closing of its Shanghai branch—that branch, by the way, paid the Citibank dividends during the 1929 Depression—a confidential Citibank communications says, "Citibank will not be on an equal basis with other U.S. banks in its dealings with the P.R.C." and we wish the Shanghai branch liquidation problems." The memo, written by senior vice-president George L. Davis, went on to comment that Citibank would "lose the slow boat to China" if the matter was assumed shortly. Apparently, the Shanghai affair is more than a minor dispute since Citibank also noted that "the last three decades of our relationship with the P.R.C. goes from bad to worse to rotten." □

## Politics

# Teddy Moves to the Left

He's playing a tricky game that may get dangerous

by Richard Reeves

I think I'm the one in the minority," Ted Kennedy said. "Politicians here [in Washington] are behind the times. They're making up with yesterday's movements."

We were talking about taxpayer revolts, balanced budgets, the conventional wisdoms of the day. We both were smart, of course, that I was trying to figure out whether he would run for President in 1980 and just when his mission was in this post in his career I needed to see a lot closer to running than he thought—and that he was further left than I thought.

"I know," he said, "people are worried about inflation and that there's a great concern about the state of government, the transparency of businesses. But I don't detect that people are less interested in the new issues—health, the poor, the cities. The White House is talking about schools and drugs."

The most popular politician in America went on, commenting that he is the only public official in the country with a program and that the program is redistribution of wealth. In everything Ted said that he has said since proposed over the last presidential health care, defense cuts, universal tuition loans, corporate takeovers, and more—that is striking is that his speeches are punctuated with words of battle and anger: "The dream is dying... We are the soldiers... Our troops do not know how to stand silent... We cannot surrender... The flimsy map flicker, but it should never die."

He is angry—at least when he talks with passion of the difference between the offices of Newport Beach on the Pacific and the desolation of the mill towns he represents near the Atlantic. But he is not, he

Richard Reeves is the national editor of *Esquire* magazine.



seems angry enough to challenge President Carter.

It's a tricky game played by a calculating politician. Out of convention in Kennedy he is not nervous when speculation about his future opens doors in the public arena—Kennedy is calling the arena of the Left to battle while at the same time thinking about staying as far left when the battle begins. My own analysis of his political thinking, based on innumerable conversations with him and more specific ones with the usual aides, friends, and observers, is that Kennedy expects to make his run for the presidency in 1984 and right now is only putting liberal pressure on Jimmy Carter. All things considered, it is to Kennedy's advantage to have Carter re-elected. He doesn't think Jerry Brown's candidacy will go anywhere—on understanding he is the last man to dispute the Californian. Meanwhile, Kennedy believes

he should hide his true self until the middle 1980s when the American cycle and people might be more amenable to a liberal administration.

But Kennedy could become an outcast, finally may end up being led by his followers. There is a chance he'll be dragged into the field of, worse, have his followers meet a perform step across his trumpet and desert to someone else.

It is too easy for Kennedy, for anyone to dismiss the power means, ideas, and ideology in politics. A decent man can say nothing of substance and be elected to the Senate in any year, and a hundred more can be elected to other offices in little except celebrity, looks, politeness, and meaningless slogans. But there are tales in the affairs of men. And he is now riding out. Kennedy is the hope of the man and women who wait for the next Edward Kennedy is the legend of the myth and the reality of a powerful, powerful, and aggressive

America. Politics seem to show he could be President in a personal triumph that would have nothing to do with what he stands on welfare payments. (Kennedy also suggests that the Kennedy's behavior in Congress during 1969 may not be a major factor in a presidential campaign, but the credibility of those tolerant numbers probably said with Nelson Rockefeller and the former journalist who followed the discovery that Nixon had been deceiving.) But the questions of Gallup and Harris don't mention that national health care would cost at least \$50 billion a year or that Kennedy favors federal loans of up to \$5,000 a year. For any college student who wants the money.

The cost of Kennedy may not matter. Most Americans begin thinking about presidential politics about two weeks after every fourth world event. They probably and usually see Kennedy as a reformer. He



betwixt strong patterns, Seymour Kline, for example, who's listed as number three on the list, is reported to be largely powerless, while partners Leonard Waxman and Arthur Handler frequently appear over litigation department litigations.

Sell, for Guinstock and Board post-Aries, the real question remains whether any partnerships can be offered soon to the associates who have stayed with the firm through the bloodletting. No partners were added this year. As the remaining associates put it: "I understood what they did last summer. They had to do it. But if they don't show that there's some sort of gold mining for all real soon, this year's Monte-dele will look like a horse yearbook new year."

### Constitutional Confrontation

The misguided idea of so-called neo-conservatives (I don't see what's so new about them) to call a convention to amend the Constitution to require a balanced federal budget keeps rolling along. If it continues, look for Yale constitutional law professor Charles Black to be the key individual opposing it with the argument that such a convention could not be limited to the budget question but instead could be a runaway party that passes anti-abortion, pro-death-penalty, and other such right-wing amendments.

Black wrote a seminal piece in *The Yale Law Journal* in 1972 arguing that Congress could not limit the agenda of such a convention.

That's just one of the legal issues raised by this possible use of Article V of the Constitution (providing for amendments by convention) that hasn't been focused on. There's also the question of how the delegates would be chosen. Article V says only that the states call a convention, but mentions nothing about the delegates. How many will each state get? How will they be elected? Who will pay the delegates and finance the convention? And how many votes—a majority or two thirds or what—will it take for the convention to adopt an amendment?

Black claims that none of these questions can be decided by Congress in advance—another reason, he says, why the convention route would cause legal chaos.

Agreeing with Black, but not quite to the same extreme, is Harvard constitutional law professor Laurence Tribe. One reason he's against the convention idea is that he thinks the budget amendment is too narrow and threatening to be written into the Constitution. As Tribe put it in a memo he wrote for the White House just before the President came out against the convention: "...[R]esponsible opinion must resist any such constitutional amendment for the reason. In law areas are sens-

itivity and rapid adjustments to changing circumstances more vital than in the realm of fiscal and monetary policy."

Tribe also believes Article V to be so vague and anachronistic that the Congress, the convention, and the Supreme Court would surely be plunged into grotesque confrontations over what the convention can and cannot do.

The top politician pushing the convention is now Jerry Brown. Before he headed it, Brown asked his legal affairs secretary, Tony Kline, to call the liberal constitutional law teacher Brown invited at Yale, Thomas Emerson. Emerson told Kline, who also went to Yale, that he had no work on it but suggested Kline call Black.

"Yes, I discussed it with Charlie, and as much as I respect him, I just disagree with him on this one," Kline says. "I have to say this, but I think far more in his life Charlie is going to be locked into being the spokesman for a view he can't possibly defend. That 1972 article wasn't like the rest of his work."

Kline soon found solace in a 1974 American Bar Association study that reported that Congress could limit a convention's agenda. His law voice found other good authorities positioned against Black and Tribe. If the convention also starts with a look for better constitutional debates and court confrontations. And more work for lawyers. ■

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# Kids, Catastrophes, and Cowboys

## Kohl Raises Children

Herbert Kohl's reputation among educators is probably equaled only by John Holt's. Kohl is a Harvard and Columbia-trained writer whose classes since junior high school in the Bronx was to work with elementary school children. So he has since 1962—teaching from Harlem in Berkeley and occasionally sitting a dozen books about the arts of learning, lost learning, and living. What he knows is worth knowing.

*Growing With Your Children* (Little, Brown & Company, \$19.95) is Kohl's autobiography about his experience as a son of the father, his son as a father, and his children. Kohl is one of those rare writers who writes despite problems in prose: a distinctive style, and his style is clarity.

*Growing With Your Children* is about decency, but it is no polemic. Kohl is moving and aware of his guide to family life because he is expressive in experience and imagination, because he respects tradition and chooses. The attention of most books this paper is to tell you how to treat your children, is, itself, fundamentally, humane character: their presence to end life. Such books, like first and foremost, really and honestly the awareness to achieve. A French friend, accustomed to the clarity of the Napoleonic Code, raises his eyebrows at Kohl's system of crime and punishment. Life, my friend tells his children, is like a department store. Every act like every object has its price, and its price must always be paid.

My friend takes no account of such consequences as inflation and the erosion of raw-made debts to which no price can be set before effort, but his system seems to work for him and for his children. Kohl's experience is, by contrast, like mine. Code law has insufficient flexibility to accommodate that delicate evolution we try to create with our children. Common law, as in old common-law, the words of each person's heart, however our children and ourselves, regard justice as an evolutionary process rather than as a programmed response. If code law obstructs principles, common law—Kohl's law—celebrates the particular case.

We are speaking here not of transient but of children and their parents Kohl lives



children, in his own particular manner. "I don't care much for adults and yet love being and working with elementary school children." He doesn't believe that kids are noble savages. "Children are not born with an innate sense of the limits of health, sanity, and safety." And his hesitancy to ward them off is complemented by his loyalty toward absolute indulgence. "As a parent I am not libertarian—I have no illusions, both personal and collective, that I was any children to respect."

"Children are fierce about fairness." Yes. Without having done a word count I'd bet my last dollar that the less modifier is Kohl's book. I discovered children's passion for fairness with a childhood friend, who reminded me that all generous moments are abused with fairness, because apart from error, justice is their only weapon. In order to enjoy this table talk I told my children to eat dinner in silence. I interrupted their table talk to explain that adult conversation with fairness. My children looked the naturally with vigor. The multiplicity of such responses prevents Kohl's question: "Are you better on your own than on your children?"

I am, and I don't want to be. Not wanting to be less good for my character I think I have ended grows with my children, for which I'm so often able. "The way we live," Kohl believes, "is a stronger influence on the lives of our children than what we say to them, give them, or work for them." This is so self-evidently true

## by Geoffrey Wolff

that it disguises a paradox at the heart of a teaching. The self-conscious father can transmit himself, by will or threat, from one lifelong character to another, merely to make a model for his children.

I think Kohl would find a place in his classroom for this slippery device, for he knows that all anyone can hope is that people will do the best with what they have. "This is not a book on how to be a perfect parent, since I don't think it's possible or desirable. Nor is it about how to avoid all conflict with your children, since conflict is often necessary for growth."

Thus, in his unpolished stories, his case by case study of children and their parents, Kohl distinguishes between physical and intellectual violence and ordinary anger. If some parents, like his grandparents, prefer to speak their children, he can understand why. He acts only that when a crime is punished it be forgiven, that failure not be seen in the context of history, that they not gather an accumulated and unbearable weight. Speaking out, not as an end to an affair, does it mean Kohl won't speak, but his father, disappointed with him, would speak clearly. Kohl doesn't speak his children, but he understands that any freedom, including a freedom from the strictures of the law, the danger of choice, the safety that there is no bottom line.

Kohl believes freedom is worth a bit of responsibility, and that the respect comes on children's behavior consistent with civilities and physical safety. He even children. Like mine, are first to have away from their sense of responsibility and frequently arbitrary limit and claims against. One of the clearest I ever remember about this book is its apprehension that to be able to act eventually is the highest goal. Kohl's children are "that to choose their friends and enemies," but he wants them to understand that to reach someone has consequences, that it is infinitely. Kohl has fallen out with friends, just as all of us have, and he asks of himself as he asks of his children that he not fall out with them heedlessly, recklessly that he and his children "must becoming stupid."

There are passages and episodes in *Growing With Your Children* that seem tilted, banal, even mangled. Kohl's sense of humor and fun—despite

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his pioneer work with games and storytelling as instruments of education—to under- stand the importance of the mother and father in educating a mother or father as a "nurturing parent." I disagree with Kohl's absolute injunction against his to children, his belief that the love devoted to two brothers, for example, should be sold to the less favored, if he also. But Kohl agrees that this is a choice and is scrupulous to point out that many families are more closely disagreed with his judgment. I put with him more seriously when he disavows the good parent ideal that he or his children "as if they weren't that special," that they should be taught that "they are just like the other children with whom they must share the world."

First, they aren't "just like" other children. Kohl has shown us that. Second, it is to show. Each is particular, not better, but

## Kohl makes a distinction between physical and intellectual violence. He outlaws neither.

particular. And the free expression of a parent's love for a child is love lavishly expressed, and excitement is one of the few indications of an ideal within man and woman's power. It is possible to love our children in we would like to love our fellows, absolutely, and without expectation that this gift be returned.

It is, as Kohl's mind, as important to him if he frequently articulated

that fairness. If his manner on the page is soft, his manner on the page is soft. The gift of love is the purpose of hope and "nurturing." He writes at length about giving (generosity is a virtue only in an ungenerous society) and encourages parents to let their children give what gifts they will to other children, without regard to the gift, unless one child seems to take advantage of another's innocence. Impulsive generosity, the kind we express on our children when love for them sways us, can be something, perhaps even a sin. But Kohl, wonderfully, says no to indulgence, however sincere it might be. It is at the heart of life. "These sad moments are part of being mortal." At those moments, if we see a child, and are not hardened and bitter at the center of our being, a feeling of what Kohl's mind, as important to him if he frequently articulated

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## The Insight Team Reports on Thalidomide

by Walter Isaacson

Dr. William McEwain, one of Australia's most successful obstetricians, spent the holiday weekend of the queen's birthday in June 1961 reading about malformed babies. He had recently delivered three children with deformities. The children, he soon became convinced, were a side effect taken by their mothers early in pregnancy—thalidomide. McEwain began alerting manufacturers to the danger of a wonder drug that had been popular for two years.

The manufacturer and side of thalidomide made it a horrifying case of corporate incompetence and negligence fueled by greed. It led to one of the greatest medical disasters of our time, one compounded by insurance companies to suffering and made worse legal remedies. The *Insight Team* of the *Sunday Times* of London to wage a flamboyant newspaper crusade, perhaps without parallel in modern Britain, and is so doing to not headlong into this country's celebrated medical malpractice.

*Suffer the Children: The Story of Thalidomide*, by the *Insight Team* of the *Sunday Times* of London (The Viking Press, \$12.95), is written of horror stories that were a tragedy that is now a scientific laboratory of Chemie Grünenthal, the developers of thalidomide. It is the latest in a line of books including *The New Yorker*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *Discover* (Doubleday) developed from newspaper investigations collected by the *Sunday Times* reporters and published under the collective by-line *Insight Team*. The group writing this book was led by the editor of the paper, Harold Evans, and the paper's best investigative reporter, Philip Knightley.

Seether Grünenthal, the *Insight Team*, the British liquor company longed to manufacture the sedative, even tested thalidomide for safety during pregnancies, in either men or women. The *Insight Team*

and Grünenthal brought by dumping the isotropic drug onto the German, English, and Australian markets was magnified by their efforts to suppress doctors' reports about the drug's effect on the nervous system and later, by their failure to heed signs that the product might be responsible for the rising number of deformed babies. Grünenthal went so far as to put private detectives on commercial doctors who expressed suspicions about thalidomide.

In America, Dr. Frances Kelsey, of the Food and Drug Administration, adamantly refused to be rushed into granting FDA approval for the drug—despite pressure from Richardson-Merrell, which, in the hope of marketing the drug, had distributed in a haphazard manner test samples that eventually accounted for a handful of deformed babies. The thalidomide application was Kelsey's first case, yet, in 1961, Richardson-Merrell overcame an extraordinary bureaucratic delay, the potential to taking for further tests, including ones on fetal effects. Her caution—and intuition—eventually earned her a presidential medal. But *Suffer the Children* is more than a scientific tragedy. It confirms another great tragedy—the *Insight Team*'s investigation of the law, especially in England, to reduce the medicines suffered. It is nearly impossible to get a piece on national laws that the manufacturers of thalidomide, the British company, the side health minister, David Powell, and the lawyers for both sides bordered on ridiculous. The first settlement reached would have established a major "catastrophic cost" from which all foreign hospitals would be entitled to less than \$22,000. The patients were pressured, even by their own doctors, to accept

The terms of the proposed settlement so outraged the editors of *The Sunday Times* that they launched a campaign on behalf of the victims. The first issue was to be an expose of how negligent David Farr had been

in marketing the drug. But the British contempt of court laws prevented publication of anything that could affect legal proceedings. No word could be printed about Richardson-Merrell while even a single case remained in dispute. Check a law in America would have stopped the *Wangar* investigations with the arrest of the first burglar. Evans, a *Sunday Times* crusader, would not take on the establishment, would not only the law. A cry, because caught out of one of her major's actions would undoubtedly have caused a desperately needed revision of the massive corporate structures. As it is, the laws still struggle. Last year, the *Sunday Times* had an unusual publication of an expose of a child at a hospital as the drug. In 1961, Jeremy Thorpe's alleged murder conspiracy because it was confirmed by the government that events were common.

*Suffer the Children* tells us how and how described a sensational detail and with vivid pictures the anguish of the mothers—a moral crusade that certainly sold papers. This staff is not for the squeamish. But *Suffer the Children* is more than a scientific tragedy. It confirms another great tragedy—the *Insight Team*'s investigation of the law, especially in England, to reduce the medicines suffered. It is nearly impossible to get a piece on national laws that the manufacturers of thalidomide, the British company, the side health minister, David Powell, and the lawyers for both sides bordered on ridiculous. The first settlement reached would have established a major "catastrophic cost" from which all foreign hospitals would be entitled to less than \$22,000. The patients were pressured, even by their own doctors, to accept

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President Carter high-fiving with Radar Guy's Backshots in 1973. Below, another man, Gerald Rafshoon, fashioned a more refined image for the candidate—country gentlemen

## Can Rafshooning Save Jimmy Carter?

The President's minister of cosmetology is always there—on taxes, on Israel, on guns versus butter, on recession—urging Carter to do what he wants to do

by James Wooten

**F**or Gerald Rafshoon, it came in early 1978. "He was just out of the Navy," his former wife recalls, "and he didn't have the slightest idea where he wanted to go or started as a civilian." So they sat down together and carefully compiled a list of cities they saw as promising—Los Angeles, Chicago, New York, Boston, Dallas, San Francisco, Atlanta, and several others—and then, just as systematically, they eliminated all but two of them. "We were finally down to just Atlanta and Dallas," she remembers, "and after we had talked awhile, he just looked up at me and said, 'Atlanta.'"

Why there? she wondered. She would go with him, of course, go with him without a murmur wherever he decided to go—but why Atlanta?

James Wooten, former *White House* correspondent for the New York Times, is a senior editor for *Esquire*. Photograph

"Opportunity," explained Gerald Rafshoon, intoning the motto of the upstart state. "Opportunity!"

By last spring, little more than a year after his inauguration, Jimmy Carter was in the kind of trouble out of which most Presidents do not get.

His problems were piling up like newspapers during a vacation, and the kinder of the polls was suggesting bluntly that an increasing number of voters had begun to see Jimmy Carter as a decent, well-intentioned fellow who just couldn't get it, just wasn't up to the job.

Even Lady Powell, perhaps the most intense loyalist in Carter's intensely loyal entourage, seemed to sense the impending darkness. "We may have blown it," he muttered one evening. "There's Jesus was a Christian, if we don't do something quick, we're going to blow the whole goddamn thing!"

Then, in May, they did something. Powell announced that Gerald Rafshoon, an advertising executive who had been the







Rafelson's fingerprints were all over another rather questionable but effective statement in that campaign: A picture showing Sanders being doused with champagne by a crowd of happy basketball players who all happened to be black was given wide distribution in Georgia as the election moved down state to last.

But Clayborne was a bomb. Withburn returned to Atlanta in 1961, depressed and dependent. Jimmy Carter was serving his first year in the Georgia state senate, a restless thirty-one-year-old neophyte politician whose own nasal career had been lost to his conflicting need to save the family's business. He had done that and more by then, and he repeated those who like him, but

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## If Carter had lost, Rafshoon would have been doomed to Atlanta. He did not want that. "He had eaten with the grown-ups," Barbara Howar says. "He didn't want to go back to the children's table."

days. That was a winter too. After the sort of rowdy drinking among white Georgians had had for years, any relationship of that sort was suspect. Suddenly Rafshoon dropped it all, pleasing no one. Carter said he knew nothing about it at all. Hadn't even seen the picture, he boasted.

Having landed the women's advertising in a governor's race was money in the bank for Rafshoon's agency, because had never been better. The state of Georgia soon saw fit to award Rafshoon the contract for its advertising, a lucky boost in billings. Having put a second mortgage on his house to help Carter's campaign, Rafshoon welcomed the new accounts that came his way. He had worked hard, and it had paid off. He had wife and four children, a nice house with only one mortgage in the Atlanta suburbs, and a profitable and promising business. But the bug that had bitten him during the campaign campaign of Willie Morris had hung on. Rafshoon couldn't quit, and in the summer of 1972, he went to the Democratic National Convention in Miami and tried to persuade George McGovern to pick Jimmy Carter as his vice-presidential running mate. A few weeks later, having seen what the big boys in national politics looked like, he was one of those ambitious young men who drove out to the governor's mansion in Atlanta one evening and explained to Carter how it might be possible for him to become the president of the United States in 1976. "The son of a bitch," said Randolph Jordan when they emerged several hours later. "He wants it." "So, of course," said Jordan—and Betty Rafshoon, as well.

And to begin the next hour, knowing chapter in Rafshoon's life. He was thirty-eight years old, and he was embarking on what many considered a fool's errand—offering to an unlikely candidate as the country would ever see. But the country would see him eventually, and they would see him precisely in Rafshoon's plan for them to see him—as the latest straight-forward, soft-talking fellow from a nice little town who still believed in the American dream, the dream that things could actually be better. Rafshoon's campaign was shrewdly simplistic and deviously effective. When Carter was accused of being fat, for the most part, Rafshoon simply mailed stacks to the major desks of the campaign. He merely put a new hypothesis and a new ending on his old commercials. "Jimmy Carter on the issue of health care," they would begin, and they would end, "and we'll agree with Jimmy Carter on the issue of health care." — The candidate was not naive, no less specific than he had ever been, but Rafshoon had made it appear to thousands of voters that he was. Apparently, after all, was the essence of advertising.

If Carter had won, Rafshoon would have been doomed to Atlanta. He did not want that. He wanted desperately to get out. He and Betty, separated since the spring of 1973 (Carter had consulted him on his marital problems, pointing out that "divorce isn't Christian, Jerry"), had been divorced in the spring of 1976, twenty years after their marriage in Shreveport, and he had aspirations that went beyond a white-collar existence and the third or fourth most successful ad agency in Atlanta. "He had eaten with the grown-ups," Barbara Howar says, "and he didn't want to go back to the children's table."

He didn't have to do that, of course. He had done very well for himself; very well. Carter had made Rafshoon very wealthy once. Before the presidential campaign, Rafshoon's agency had been growing at a rate of about 12 to 20 percent, afterward, the rate accelerated to between 20 and 25 percent. In 1972, there were ten people on his payroll. There are twenty-eight now.

He was offered but declined a White House job in the trendy days before the inauguration. Instead, he opened a public-relations consultancy firm in Washington and in 1977 handled two jobs—Mario Cuomo for mayor of New York and Henry Kissinger for governor of Virginia—before losing interest himself. It just wasn't the same without Jimmy. He also formed a public-rela-

tions outfit in Washington before going into "his Hollywood period," as his friend and business partner, Stephen Linder, puts it. He opened Rafshoon Productions as a vehicle for producing movies and television packages. The company bought the film rights to a *Marlowe* story, the Allen Wharton Richard Cohen book *Figure 7*, James's diary in *Washington*, and so on. He also took a consulting job with Foxboro Ford Coppola—they and now trying to bring out his Vietnam War film, *Apocalypse Now*—and ended his romance with Howar.

They had met on the Democratic convention floor in July 1976, and they had become an item that lasted through the election but had ended long before Carter's first term. "I met him by the hand and showed him Washington," she says. "I taught him a lot. This is a very, very strange place. It's like going to camp. Somebody who's been there before can be a very good friend." But Howar's occasionally heavy-handed intimacy eventually alienated Rafshoon. At Christmas 1976, for instance, she celebrated his visit in the gift he had purchased for her and her children, and it was not long before Rafshoon moved into a spacious old Georgian house with Patrick Caddell. It was the scene of a lively social life, even by Washington standards.

Heidi Jordan eventually moved in after his separation from his wife, and then Kim Kravitz, who had begun and ended during Carter's first year in the White House, despite the President's admonition to his senior staff members to try to build good marriages. The place came to be known as the Avenue House and seemed to make Rafshoon uncomfortable. He was older than the others. His tastes were different, simpler. He loved movies, for instance. Among any movie. His idea of a good night's sleep was that ended at the theater and then in some out-of-the-way cyber restaurant. He had few relationships with women that lasted for any duration. He seemed to be rethinking, wondering about the Washington landscape, nothing, nothing, flitting out to Los Angeles or up to New York, settling in for long, sleepless nights, trying to understand what it was like to be a man in that world at the theater and then in some out-of-the-way cyber restaurant. He had few relationships with women that lasted for any duration. He seemed to be rethinking, wondering about the Washington landscape, nothing, nothing, flitting out to Los Angeles or up to New York, settling in for long, sleepless nights, trying to understand what it was like to be a man in that world at the theater and then in some out-of-the-way cyber restaurant.

Then he met Eden White Donahue, the daughter of a wealthy Atlanta family and the widow of Mark Donahue, the Great Prix driver killed in a race in Austin in 1973. They were married in March 1978. "I'm not sure," says Rafshoon, "but I don't think I could've believed he would ever have had a second chance that that it was his failing, falling off a mountain and then suddenly being the rope catch and hold." Eden had stopped smoking before they met and learned of his mild divorce for emotional. When she did not know what Jack Rafshoon, who had left Helen in the late 1950s, had died of lung cancer in 1975, a smoker since his days as a bloodless private detective. She also did not know that there had been about no contact between the father and the youngest son in all these years. Rafshoon now does not know if he ever visited her.

Rafshoon's younger son in Atlanta. She also is apparently remote from him. ("You got nothing from me about him," she said when I called. "I don't know anything about him anyway now.") His brother is in Atlanta too. "I'm not friendly with him anymore," Charles said. "I don't see him anymore and I don't talk to him anymore and I don't see him anymore." His ex-wife is there too. "Jeffery is professionally competent," she cooly told the FBI during his security check for White House employment. His three oldest children—all daughters—are in college in the South, and his fourteen-year-old son, Scott, attends a private school in Atlanta. It is of him that Rafshoon sometimes dreams, watching his hand that has joined with his, watching him call in the night, watching him disappear in the driveway. With all the years between Rafshoon and the war, with all the space he has made between himself and these childhood days on the military base, the nightmare returns again and again. —

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*The mansion at 19 Gramercy Park dates from 1891 and was much renovated before Sonnenberg took charge in the 1930s.*

## The Last Town House

On Gramercy Park, Benjamin Sonnenberg created a great showplace, the likes of which will not be seen again. His collection will be auctioned June 5

by Paul Goldberger

**I**f Benjamin Sonnenberg wanted a guest to feel welcome, he would rise at the butler entered the visitor into the library of his house at 19 Gramercy Park. He would almost never take even a single step toward the door of the room to greet the visitor, and for him to have gone anywhere near the front door, three flights down, would have been unthinkable.

There were several reasons for this. One of them was to embarrass the host. But Sonnenberg, the flamboyant entrepreneur who made a fortune in public relations, did not go to see people, people came to see him. They saw him when he wanted them to, on his turf—which happened to be the most extraordinary private house in New York. The Sonnenberg mansion has thirty-seven rooms on five levels, a ballroom-size theater seating 600, a posh size of most kitchens, a kitchen the size of most apartments, six living rooms, two ramps with parking brought over from England



*Benjamin Sonnenberg*

houses, a central staircase above which hangs not one but two staircases and two, one of the finest collections of artworks in New York, one of the better collections of drawings in the nation, and one of the best collections of books in the world.

Sonnenberg knew that letting a guest make what amounted to a long walk before he met his host—through an outer vestibule, into an inner hall, across one room, up an elevator, across another room, and past briefly hundreds of artworks before opening the door into the parlor library—enhanced the sense of anticipation. It was an audience one was being granted, not a visit about to commence, and that sense never changed, no matter how frequent the visits or how informal the relationships. The house was a stage set, as frequently contrived as anything on Broadway, and Sonnenberg played each move within it so precisely as a director blocks a play.

Sonnenberg, a Russian-born immigrant raised in poverty on the Lower East Side, died last September at seventy-seven. His wife, Helen, and their two children had lived in the house with him, but it was always his stage, not theirs, and now with the

Paul Goldberger is a columnist writer for The New York Times.

Photographs by Jani Sklar

MARCH 12, 1978/ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY 31

**Sonnenberg never aped the English gentry. He was too wise and witty for that. And his beginnings in poverty were too vivid to him. In the afternoons, the servant brought tea in a glass.**

main player game, the house is about to be dismantled. Hilda Sonnenberg is moving to an apartment, and the house itself is for sale for \$2 million. The contents, which have been appraised by Sotheby's Public Rooms at \$3,844 million, will be sold in a series of auctions from June 3 through June 9 that the gallery says will be "one of the most glamorous Manhattan auctions in modern times."

In Benjamin Sonnenberg's heyday, which ended with his retirement in the early 1960s, his name was almost a household word in New York and his house was surely the most visited private house in the city. Greener Park was the site of ball games, receptions, dinners, parties, and screenings for anywhere from a dozen to more than a hundred guests two or three times a week. In those days, anyone who was anyone would come to Sonnenberg's—first, Somerset Maugham to Max Lerner, from Saul Goldwyn to Andy Warhol. It became quieter in the last years of his life, but the style did not diminish—Lennart Skerf, the butler, even now after the owner's death, and runs the house with an efficiency that would put a middle-management executive to shame. He is the sort of butler who seems able to perform the mind-numbing task of serving tea and polishing the brass door knocker at the same moment.

It is hard, looking back, to say whether it was Sonnenberg or his house that was the more extraordinary. Benjamin Sonnenberg was a poor child of Eastern Europe who dreamed of reaching not just twentieth-century New York but early twentieth-century England. He appeared to want more than anything to create around himself the aura of an Edwardian gentleman, and while he was in touch something of an over-enthusiast, it is astounding to see how much of Edwardian England he did pull off. He dressed in custom-made four-button Edwardian suits and bowler hats, his raised knee and white waistcoat gave him something of the air of the round-shouldered man on the "chance" cards in the pages of *Memoirs of a Gentleman* to become a name between Gatsby and F. Scott Fitzgerald. As one said, in further explanation of his almost comically grandiose life style, which led him to become in his day not only Manhattan's greatest party giver but a man virtually adored with means, position, connections, and power. He "disgusted people with money" as Otto Kohn had charged them, one day, taking one always to lower somewhere, near the center of action but always slightly in the background. He was a man who knew there was more power to the kingmaker than to the king.

To be a kingmaker is a lot for a public relations man, but Sonnenberg was public relations not to publicity but to envy. He wanted his house and his person to convey the impression of trust and stability, if you loved Ben Sonnenberg, you were getting not a PR man at a high price but an older statesman on the cheap. "I deal only with hard men, and in general I combine myself to interviewers rather than to the press," he wrote back in 1936, in a letter remark that lacked the irony of his usual ornate, metaphor-filled conversation. "I deal mostly with hundred-thousand-a-year men, and when they come to my house, they know I make more than that myself."

Sonnenberg's period, travel, telephone, correspondence, and household consisted of both at 19 Greener Park and at various houses of kings and kings in "21," La Cite Riquie, and La Corvée, even into the end of his life. But for all his public personas, he lived essentially to be alone. He was as capable of calling a young journalist friend and suggesting a walk through his boyhood haunts of the Lower East Side as he was of hosting a black-tie dinner for the duke of Gloucester.

But what he liked best of all, it seemed, was to sit in solitude at Greener Park. The house at 19 Greener Park was, as his good friend Brendan Gill has written, "the place that Mr. Sonnenberg

lost contact from the world," but it was also his own world, tight and secure and full of love for the staggering array of objects within it.

The house was the residence of a confirmed Anglophile, but it is not really English in taste. If anything, the mix of objects it contains is quintessentially American in its eclecticism—a Gloucestershire bust next to an impressionist painting beside an eighteenth-century English mirror next to seventeenth-century English wall carvings. The architecture, too, is eclectic. The red brick house was built in 1843, given a Second Empire makeover with a mansard roof in the 1880s, remodeled by McKim, Mead & White for the noted socialites Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson Fish in the 1890s, and added to and altered again by the Sonnenbergs over the years since they first took occupancy of a small section of the house in 1931.

What emerged out of all of this pushing and pulling is a great, high mansion—two houses, really, for there is a surprising way joined to the main house—that has a remarkably suitable quality for a building of its size. Greener Park is not Fifth Avenue, and it does not seem to be, but house it is the park's related Englishness what a great beast arts pile of lunaticness is to Fifth Avenue's sedulous wiring.

One enters through a warhole tucked on to the main structure; it is high and flimsy and lined in dark wood. A pair of outer doors were usually kept open, and there was no mure on the doors in much the same way that for years there was no sign on The Plaza Hotel—if you were wanted there, you knew the address. All others were to be put off by the gold-leafing 19 GREENER PARK on a window high above the double doors and by the bell set into a brass plate that bears only the word PRIVATE.

It was a necessary word, for so poorly would expect such a place to be a private landing man on the "chance" cards in the pages of *Memoirs of a Gentleman* to become a name between Gatsby and F. Scott Fitzgerald. As one said, in further explanation of his almost comically grandiose life style, which led him to become in his day not only Manhattan's greatest party giver but a man virtually adored with means, position, connections, and power. He "disgusted people with money" as Otto Kohn had charged them, one day, taking one always to lower somewhere, near the center of action but always slightly in the background. He was a man who knew there was more power to the kingmaker than to the king.

If the study entrance was intended to intimidate, the hall which was designed to seduce. A great black door with a brass lion's head door knocker swings open to reveal a warm, low entrance hall, oyster-white and quite understated. It might almost be the hall of a country house. There is a heavy, solid wood floor with a comfortable rug to it, a couple of railroads, and a few pews of brass that serve as hints of the extravagance of brass to come later.

Guests taking the staid route to Sonnenberg's library were quickly ushered out of the hall and through a huge, stately steel-lined entry to an elevator as the variable of the house's southern wing. On the other side, the entry hall gives off to two dining rooms. One is a large, red-tiled room that is all in paper and Victorian and looks as if it would be hospitable only to women in long, ruffled gowns, the other is a tiny oak-paneled parlor, a den as much as a dining room, that was used for small, informal groups.

The little room has old oak furniture that Hilda Sonnenberg, who purchased a great many of the things in the house that was to become such a treasure trove of her husband, brought for \$35. The room is lined with books and drawings, and its mantelpiece is filled with brass mirrors and pictures and painted weights and candlesticks. It is off so small that the table must sit against the wall, but it is an exquisite room that is at once as serene as a city drawing room and as relaxed as a country kitchen.

Right The main stairway is filled with chandeliers and pictures. Cover The Darkness of Fatherhood, by John Singer Sargent.





The ballroom on the top floor is the largest room in the house and commands a fine view of the park below. Fifty guests can be seated here on sofas and armchairs covered with chairs. Most of these can be moved around so that the room can face a screen and watch a movie.



Master bedroom on the third floor has large beds from andrews, patterned by Andrew Fulton, Augustus John, painted in 1900.



William and Mary Room contains a Regency cabinet holding antiquities. The painting, dated 1790, is of Sir Thomas Chubb, by Robert Cook.

Down in this room, as in the formal dining room, was a carefully arranged mix of formality and informality. It was served by a butler on china that did not match—not because there was not enough china to go around but because there was too much and something like the idea of letting his guests sample a different set with each course. There would be huge bowls of soup to begin, with the odd accompaniment of meat, then a simple main course such as steak or chicken, then perhaps cheese, then dessert. There was never salad, and there was rarely more than one, and there was never any sort of elaborate assemblage or service. "There is no goo at my dinner," Somerset told Hoffman.

Although guests following the yellow brick road to their host's library bar did not suspect it, a great central staircase begins in

steps squared from the entrance hall. It is a room in itself, a large stairwell, open to four of the house's five floors, with a heavy white balustrade ending round and round. The stairway is covered in green-and-white brocade and filled with objects—drawings and portraits on the walls, silver and brass in display cabinets on each landing—and it is so high that it holds two eighteenth-century brass chandeliers, one hung below the other. The second-floor landing, too, contains more than the drawing rooms of many great houses. A Regency wine table forms the centerpiece, with two elaborate armchairs, circa 1800, flanking it, in an early example of the convertible principle, they open into coaches. Decorative chandeliers, candlesticks, candelabra, surround these objects, and in the walls are some of the house's finest drawings, including a *Scout* that Parker Blenier has valued



Small sitting room on the second floor has walls covered in silk moor, a large Victorian display, and an eighteenth-century portrait by Hogarth.



Library has eighteenth-century striped glass painting and expensive beam. The painting over the fireplace is attributed to Thomas Smith.

at \$50,000, a map Gough it sets at \$45,000, a Watford, a Dege, and an Ingham.

This landing stands balanced, like so much of the house, between an almost masculine formality and a warm domesticity. The balance is a subtle one, and it is one of the Somerset's achievements, in most of the rooms there are understated but comfortably comfortable set chairs, often covered in flowered prints, that they share a corner with rare antiques and old master drawings. There are telephones and televisions all about and piles of new books stacked on bookshelves and coffee tables, all providing a central sense of this is a house lived in, not merely a house looked at. Somerset was such a serious and avid reader that he would occasionally slip away from his own entertainments to return to his library, where piles of newspapers and magazines



Dining room is set with a Derby dessert service, circa 1820. The chandelier is of Regency era glass in gilt from the same period.



The first floor of the house is shown again. In this view, from the outside in, is the floor and the bottom of the grand staircase.

lay beside his favorite sofa, it was a matter of pride to Somerset that he could shift his life back and forth between his own town and these he read about in English novels.)

Unfortunately, the balance tips in one room just off the second-floor landing, a formal, paneled drawing room known as the William and Mary Room. Here, seventeenth-century carving from Cranbury, the English house demolished in 1952, joins with Canterbury columns and other imported panelling to create a linked, formal setting. Here is where some of the best furniture in the house is to be found: a pair of George II carved oak chairs, a window seat that Parker Blenier says will bring between \$25,000 and \$35,000, a pair of George I carved gilt mirrors dating from around 1720 and expected to bring as much as \$20,000, and a \$20,000 Queen Anne writing table dating from 1710.

In his will, he ordered that his house be sold and that his objects be auctioned. The rooms and the collection were meant to have the collector at center. They had served their purpose.

This room is awesome but chilly—the books here are leather-bound volumes meant to be admired, not read, and the furniture is meant to be looked at, not sat upon. The Sonnenbergs remodelled this room in the 1970s, and one senses that by this time, with their children grown, they were determined to prove that the house was a family's residence. Benjamin Sonnenberg was willing to go all the way to create a showplace, even if that meant giving up the treasure of warmth that filled the rest of the house.

One moves with a certain pleasure, then, back across the landing to a small parlor known for years as the glass room, a misnomer of an odd corner of an old Swiss Italian house. Sonnenberg never seemed quite satisfied with this room, as if he could not quite remember why he had chosen to cover it in Scotch plaid, and when it was severely damaged by a broken pipe just a few years ago, he seemed not in the least perturbed. Instead, the accident occurred during a dinner party in the large ground-floor dining room, and as soon as the boiler opened the wires, a clump of points clinked in black the red upstairs to help restore paintings and drawings Sonnenberg himself, however, stayed put—as if he were more interested in following the new version of the room than in saving the old one.

Off the glass room is the finest bathroom in a house of remarkable bathrooms. It is a green-carpeted room with a tiny mirrored vestibule filled with silver objects and so on into space a fireplace, an immense porcelain washbasin with model fixtures, a shower with an enclosure covered in Chinese wallpaper, and less and glass ornaments throughout.

The next floor holds Sonnenberg's wife, her husband's bedroom and his library, all of which have the qualities of the best rooms in the house—a certain sparkle, a gleam, that comes not merely from the remarkable quantities of brass and silver and glass but from the rich colors, comfortable furniture, and unusual juxtapositions of objects incident throughout. Sonnenberg's library, a sort of glass library, that is, a room in which Sonnenberg found in Prince and brought home for his husband to use as a library, they chose the room with a 1780 English bureau-bookcase, early eighteenth-century Scottish cash-drawers, and an eighteenth-century bookcase, much in an eighteenth-century style. Here, Sonnenberg's bedroom serves as a coffee table and shows in space with a plethora of objects from other periods.

Another floor of bedrooms and studies is above, and on top of that is the largest room in the house, the ballroom that serves as a movie theater. Like the dining room, the ground floor, it is done in red and has a dome that provides, overdecorated as it is. The movie equipment that for years showed dinner guests new films before their public release and was used for such events as the first screening anywhere of William Wyler's *The Best Years of Our Lives* is all hidden behind red damask curtains. Fully people can be seated on the floor, arches, and corners of the room, which also has a fireplace, a painted white wall, as by the likes of John Singer Sargent and The Noddens, and a truly immense, ornate English bookcase, altered to display what seems like enough china to run a hotel. The room also has a concert grand set before a picture window looking out to a fine view of Greenwich Park, the window is one of the only places in the house in which any part of the outside world is permitted to intrude.

For that house was made to be a world unto itself. Benjamin Sonnenberg liked to say he wanted the house to create for him an image that would serve to affect the impression that public relations was something of a fly-by-night business: "I want my house and office to be the epitome of stability and to give myself a dimension, background and tradition that go back to the Nile."

But 19 Greenwich Park, at the end, not much more than that

Sonnenberg did not really want to suggest that public relations had the pedigree of law or banking or medicine, he did not particularly believe that himself. He was a skeptic like all good scientists, he believed in himself at least as much, if not more, than he believed in what he was selling. If he had really wanted to be an English lord, Greenwich Park would have been nowhere near the brilliant, living place that it is, the entire house would have ended up looking like the William and Mary Room, formal and proper and with far less life to it.

If Sonnenberg was trying to show anything at Greenwich Park, it was not that he would create the English world to which he aspired but that he would beat it on his own terms. That the house was always an eclectic one, thus the food and the parties and the service were always what the host wanted, not what the book said was right. Benjamin Sonnenberg wanted to use objects, and he wanted to control the environment that surrounded him.

One senses that his desire for control was central to the decision the Sonnenbergs made to live at Greenwich Park. Although they had both been born of it and lived in a small apartment on the park before moving into number 19, the physical structure of the quarter may have been destiny. Greenwich Park's nature is that it is small and set apart from the rest of New York, it is a tiny, gentrified neighborhood in which Benjamin Sonnenberg could truly function as a symbol, almost a deity, perhaps. Even David Rockefeller's double-width Georgian new house deepens the picture of mansions on the Upper East Side, at Greenwich Park, Benjamin Sonnenberg was the reigning presence for all to see.

Sonnenberg never really tried to sustain the illusion of English gentility—he was far too wise, and far too witty, to engage in such a simple charade. He would hold pieces of that illusion up, let by let, in conversation, but then he would knock it all down with a reference to his pet subjects, the English. In Greenwich Park most have been the only house in the city in which, at bedtime, a servant brought not in a cup but in a glass. It was a splendidly charmed gesture, young Sonnenberg as once to the roomed glass he sought and to the youngest glass he had left behind.

Benjamin Sonnenberg and that his profession consisted of saving the immortality of others—"Yehonah being peddler for small man." He helped Sam Goldwyn gain respectability, he worked with William Paley and Sam Trapp, he convinced banker Robert Lehman on how to improve his image. Lehman needed Sonnenberg because Sonnenberg's product—immortality—was something that he himself could not, and it is no accident that Lehman treated that The Metropolitan Museum of Art keep his art collection intact in its own way after his death. But Ben Sonnenberg himself had no such need—he knew too well to believe in that product of immortality, and he did not believe, either, in the eternal significance of the church he had so much. He did not see his collections or his house as something that would or should last forever, perpetuating his name, but merely as a set of objects in a world of things that had come together for his lifetime.

That he entered in his will that his objects be auctioned and the house sold. The proceeds of the sale will eventually go to his family, but his wife was forbidden to keep more than 15 percent of her husband's collection, even if she wanted more. It is a view that is in other respects, for it suggests that the collection had nothing to do with the collector as its owner, and appealingly reminds, for a moment, that there is no immortality and that the objects have the right, even the need, for new life elsewhere. It is Benjamin Sonnenberg, 19 Greenwich Park was his place, for his time, and that with all. —

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# Male and Female: Nature's Cosmic Joke

The needs and expectations of both sexes never seem to coincide. That's bad. But the author says there's reason for hope. That's good

by James C. Neely

One has doubted, asked if he were prepared to do, the late James Thurber it is to have replied, "Yes, because it is not to say to feel little girls' nervousness as it used to be."

You can be sure that in addition to acknowledging his own diminished potential, Thurber was making a more and fairly sociological observation about something that gave him considerable musing or, at the very least, ambivalence.

In the seventeen years since his death, the latest feminists have carried the message of Thurber to us with such thorough aplomb that the Western world owes out for some perspective, for some of Thurber's sense of balance. Above all, we need his reminder that males and females are all in this together and need each other terribly. As with generations, so with the sexes—the similarities are eventually much greater than the differences, a fact we might lose sight of in the adversary atmosphere many young women are now creating. And, baby, then potential fields can be mighty cold.

But let no one doubt that female is the foundation, the fundamental sex of humankind. We know from our genetic sex chromosomes that there are two X configurations for a female—and that the female egg cannot only act as X chromosomes. In order for a fetus to be male, the egg must be fertilized by the addition of a Y chromosome. Observed another way, a male is simply a differentiated female—a last outcome and approached by many a post.

There is a curious confirmation of this fundamental sexuality as we shift between distributions. If you remove the male hormone testosterone, the male becomes strikingly feminine. His breasts enlarge, his voice becomes a higher pitch, his skin softens, he assumes a female hair distribution. This is because his suppressed female hormone, estrogen, rises over him. If you castrate the female, you do not make her masculine to the same extent, only less feminine, for she has little or no circulating testosterone and shows only the effects of diminished estrogen. Here now will not achieve a much lower pitch, her muscle mass will not decrease, and her hair will not markedly harden, though her hair may alter somewhat.

Although we are talking about all degrees, say one of which may be necessary in a given individual case, the generalizations obtain. We are genetically and hormonally female-based, the male is merely a differentiation from that firm female substrate.

James C. Neely, M.D., is a surgeon who lives in San Francisco. He has published five books of poetry as well as a variety of literary and medical articles.

turn. We do not have to go back to Neolithic and warriorism to establish the primacy of female sexuality. We don't even need the silver-spoonful of alchemy. For it is a natural state. We have it and live it every day without ourselves.

*Inside Events*, Carl Jung's wonderful exposition, once wrote, "The difference in the sexes as first as to great as it seems almost immeasurable." The words to be explained here are "at first," since the heavy burden of reproducing the race, and all the attendant confusion of the mating dance, has always fallen to the young. We are, of course, called to the responsibility at a time when we are intellectually and emotionally least prepared to do so. But ancient nature (perhaps with good reason) has not yet matched up the reproductive urge with a mature, integrated personality. Nature makes sure for the race that young women do well in labor—a phenomenon honored in jungle law and Greek myth as well as in modern obstetrical circles. But the major incongruities between male and female psychological patterns occur at just this time. We are not old enough to manage our sexual differences, but the attributed differences have long since been established. We are overcome by the process, too poorly equipped with self-identifying awareness to understand such other's needs.

It does little good, for example, to learn that statistics of male infants show them to be more curious, more "posturing," more hyperkinetic than their female counterparts, who tend to docility, loving soft things, and are much more successfully composed. Major Dostoevsky states clearly in *The New Christ* that young women and men come together for wholly different psychological and social needs, deriving perhaps from indelible sexual conditioning, but that they are not the least concerned with such at the time of the required coupling. In fact, Jung states in defense of his sexual concept—that the sexual psychological male tends to project on the female the qualities he most desires for himself—that otherwise the job might not get done.

The young man finds his sex a specific discomfort, a local-tradition tension and drive, with unacceptability at the immediate times. It goes in his way. He wants her very specifically for relief. He is painfully aware of his rising himself in this often frustrating way. The young woman wants his sex for another reason entirely. In general, she has not lived in the sexual level of constant tension that he has. She wants to wake up. She is more "difficult aware," as Dr. Jaakko's phrase.

The description is beautiful, not pejorative. This difference makes a need for help in discovering her individual self in a specific, focused way, through his apparent weakness. Here is a process of seeking a totality of existence. Esther Wilkins, of

all people, once said in retirement, "To judge the seasons of my ruler, you must look to see how the women of that country have found their society."

Women's sexuality is primed to help her go a long way in discovering her sexual self. When the Bible says Adam knew Eve, it's far to say that Adam discovered himself in Eve only because Eve's knowledge had become available to her through him. It is necessary for her sexuality—otherwise there would be no wilderness on either side, as the split such as Freud's image comes beautifully together. And in answer to Freud's question in "Leda and the Swan," "Did she put on his knowledge with his power?" we can say most certainly she did. But this was an ancestral male chauvinism issue. Putting on his knowledge was not a put-down. Old Zeus in disguise certainly seemed to reach about himself from Leda's femininity as she from him.

Dr. Jung's diffuse awareness is his often misperceived. It is a natural part of the growth to womanhood and goes to the heart of the consciousness-making process: young women are now embarked upon. Diffuse awareness is most emphatically not to be confused as a defect but to be understood, appreciated, and loved as a natural evolutionary process in growth. It is part of nature's protective intention to encourage women to go through what the men go through in order to fulfill her biological nature and prepare the race. For women to be greatly interested when young is not only contrary to her nature but may be counterproductive.

Doctors know there is no worse ulcer to heal than an ulcer in a young woman. There is no worse way to be pregnant than to be pregnant about every thing or to make the competitive pigment change in the skin. There is no worse delivery than that of a woman who persists to understand, because she has had studied the steps in a birth delivery. If her experience, admittedly a way station, is always the cause of knowledge since it seldom produces the response or humility we find in both ends of the spectrum (difficult awareness is not, of course, restricted to young women, doctors have been known to suffer from the same insufficiency).

T. S. Eliot wrote that in order to get to where you do not know, you must go by the way of not knowing. And D. H. Lawrence put it this way "Are you willing to be made wholly/dipped into oblivion? If not, you will never really change." Such knowledge is a young woman's greatest strength in performing intuitively what the alone is privileged to accomplish. The *Flower Child* says a woman always wins by waiting. As if there were any doubt about this 3,000-year-old wisdom, the east, complicit,

impotent, and/or young mother soon learns that a patient diffusion of love and awareness, a judicious sloppiness, is the only successful way.

At Stanford, where almost half of the undergraduates women were clearly in graduate school, and at Columbia, where a third of the medical students are women, they might carry with them this ancient truth. To add to their enjoyment as adults, they might start at night from May Service's novel *Mrs. Stevens Remembers* *Stevens*. The lesson, an aged author, is asked why Stephen, June Aaron, and Coleridge were such successful writers. The author replies: "What occurs to me on the spot of the moment . . . is that the fundamental point in diffusion of sexuality. Coleridge could write better than anyone about physical things, they include the fact of a penis in one's hand. A man could only write in this way about a woman's breast." *Amos* *Five* is different.

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I have made one by assumption here that should be entered with a clear disclaimer. Like Golda May, in a *Ms* magazine interview, I can't imagine why any healthy young person, especially a woman, would not want biological fulfillment in heterosexual and having a child. Notwithstanding all the world's terrible physical and emotional problems, lack of that desire would still, it seems to me, be a form of unrequited masochism.

The inability to bear a child is one of man's poorly explored latent frustrations and is the source of many of his emotional misadventures. But in the obvious be bad. There are many, many ways to turn on, many ways to make a living, many ways to connect, to have and enjoy children, many ways in a full life.

Years ago, so many in fact that I was still ashamed to have a woman offer to buy me a drink. I had one of the most memorable conversations of my life in a San Francisco bar. A magnificently accomplished eighty-year-old woman anthropologist revealed to me that her life's work had been the interpretation of aboriginal pictures in *National Geographic*, one of which was the most piercing. She had been trying to explain a difference she had observed only in all tribal women and men. She pointed out how all the young women in a tribe appeared open and friendly, warm and receptive. About their form was a lively curiosity that came across as a welcoming look and tenderness. They seemed content with themselves, with life and nature. At the same time, she showed how the young men were naturally suspicious and withdrawn, angry, hostile, their face contorted and warlike. They seemed vague, hostile, ready to strike out at any time, at any thing.

But then the woman went on to point out that this apparent



Our cover picture symbolizes the interchange of male and female characteristics that is our psychological inheritance.



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stride had a complex reversal in old age. She showed no remorse in old men, and children, whose feet seemed loudly welcome. These was a resigned warmth in their eyes, a kindness and an understanding tolerance for the caresses, as if wishing to reach out to convey a message of love and humanity. The old women, on the other hand, she saw as hostile, devout, suspicious, withdrawn, perhaps even warlike, with deep layers of worry and anxiety in their faces. The anthropologist said she had observed this progressive aging and again in aboriginal societies, where there was no special reason for female discontent, and had come to conclude it was a natural process of left unattended. Men and women seemed to have equal shares of nature's goodness and bad, but diverged at characteristically different times of life. What then was it? No, she said. The substance was to render young men and old women.

At this point I interrupted and naively stated it was all simply a matter of love. I'm afraid it was the old cultural policy on my part. A young girl would die almost anything for love. I claimed, and my unacknowledged wish behind that statement that possibility she would avoid like the plague.

My daughter, who was very young, and to come to me with her pet friends and say, "We don't like ourselves." This was amusing to me. My not might be working and at the time I was upset with the world, disappointed, angry—but it never occurred to him to conclude that he didn't like himself. Even King Solomon in *Paradise Lost* that man doesn't understand how most women feel they are basically unattractive. My wife, of course, immediately understood exactly how my daughter felt, meticulously observed me from making any psychology, and concluded the girl's feelings beautifully. It was simply a matter of not being available to the state of love at that time.

I quoted to the anthropologist, "Men's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'in woman's whole existence,'" but by then she was impatient with such work and such abstractly imposed terms. She gave forth suddenly her whole theory of life's metamorphosis, the very theme of Ovid's work of that name—how the metamorphosis runs for all of us on the notion of change from bottom up in our process, our female, male.

So the trick was in the growth, the anthropologist said. Our anatomy are different, we naturally come at it from different directions, but the end point had to be the same. She seemed to prove that with herself. The old women in the picture had expressed no worse life than any of the others, but their clinging to a youthful want, an unconscious state, where so much had been suitably given them at their age, had left them barren and incomplete in old age. At some point they had needed and developed consciousness, just as the old men, who in their lusty had known an overabundance of consciousness, must now allow themselves to come contentedly the protective cocoon of the unconscious.

It is sometimes said that Freud is for the first half of life, Jung for the second. Jung's message of individuation is a process by which men and women, while developing their own unconscious, become psychologically congruent in the second half of life. It is, however, the Jungian emphasis, so the position is what we find ourselves at any particular time is a function of a development that is a natural process, if only we will understand and allow it. Jung made it clear he did not intend this process of change but—the way of psychiatrists—rational, aimed, and directed it.

Thus in the female, we have a person approaching fury from a relative state of unconsciousness that has been severely induced—a necessary ingredient of the job she has already been called upon to do. This male, on the other hand, approaches middle age from a state of excessive consciousness that usually hasn't allowed him, as his subconscious-created role as would-be protector and provider, the wonderful metaphorical expansion of the unconscious or female side. The imbalance is a survival one. At middle age, a woman's problem is her developing logic—her focused consciousness; a man's, his developing ones—his unfocused consciousness.

Illustrations by Gene Sporken



**In youth, aboriginal women seem open and friendly; the young men are angry, hostile, warlike.**

ness, entering impulses. (I wish to leave Princeton University would stop using their freshmen co-eds to call me long distance for sexual giving. I'm a real sucker.)

Only through work and attentiveness we can help our consciousness and unconscious needs in middle age. It is not something that a middle-aged woman is likely to become excited by as seeing of conscious work, while her husband, having refined the fidelity of his activity, finds surprising satisfaction in such single acts as washing that hot damn hair and putting the kids to bed. He never wants to go out, she does. His's attractively had enough of one activity, she enough of the other.

For the psyche, the great discovery of our preselected middle age is the loss of balance. One of my favorite fiction magazines rejects this mode, "Everyone here agrees this is a fantastic article like I've afraid it's too balanced for us." No wonder advertisements is so high in publishing, trying to strike that proper balance.

The imbalance is necessary to our assault—and likely to drive us crazy. If we don't manage to get enough of it, we become crazy and unstable, if we get too much sleep, we become suicidal. Too much dream, we are strange; too much work and noise, we lose ourselves out. Most important, if we do not allow the female side of ourselves to emerge, the male side will complete, and if we do not allow the male side, the female side will complete. What's good for the goose is good for the gander. This is not to advance the cause of homosexuality—quite the opposite. It is to teach us tolerance for our own inherent ambivalence and to enhance the same coming together in the delightful, inseparable way they always have a share used for each other.

The stage of women, being men's regression was a popular warning in my youth. Men's were made of it, and so was I. There was always this guy going at himself and saying such in her manhood. But William Carlos Williams, the doctor-poet, was fond of saying women were his energy, were his impulses.

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**Old aboriginal men seem kindly and tolerant; the women look devious, worried, cruel.**

A real switch—and devious—closer to the truth

The creative energy in ourselves is our unconscious, or female side and seems to be more durable, recurrent, and everlasting in our lives. Our masculine side seems more brittle and begins to wear much more readily. The female of the species goes into old age with much more vigor than the male, and it is her continuing task to employ that energy in rigorous discipline and crucial experience to complete her conscious development. By this she creates her own light to the end.

As Goethe said, his sight and hearing diminished, but he repeatedly refused to do anything about it. He was essentially deaf and would have been capable of unimpaired work if he had allowed his friends to help him with glasses or a hearing aid. Perhaps Goethe was trying to convey that he had already learned all that nature had intended him to learn. We gradually do not hear as well, or see as well, with a purpose—the blotting out of our external life, a life that is generally not worth it anyway. The blurring out gives us natural reason with which to interpret to old age—to us may explore the more important internal aspects of our souls. Goethe sensed any darkness in this process was against God's will. In the same vein, I recall a remark by my aging father. As a young lawyer, he had lost many more cases than he had won before becoming a successful trial lawyer and a judge of considerable accomplishment who remained on the bench, nearly deaf, till the day he died. "I may have been wrong," he said, "but I've never been in doubt." In point of fact, he was a remarkable old person who studied and knew the soul and by then was seldom wrong. It is in this point that woman and men must reach together.

After many years. Why do we always come back to this, even as we struggle through the jungle act of pornography: men to explore some new "interesting" relationship between men and women? Inevitably, it comes down to love and sexuality. Be-

cause the alternatives are so horrendous. But there are three stages of love in life, and at each of these stages there is a danger of unneeded mistakes. When we are young, we simply want love, love for ourselves, love's approbation, love's regard and attention. We need love and will do almost anything to get it. Too many stay right there, when they should go on to the second stage, where they learn in the end that the only way to get the love we need is to give it. This comes, however, poignantly in parenthood, when we feel the absolute love returned by our children, when the fundamental principle is fixed in our maturity, where it grows and grows. But there is yet a third stage, what William Blake referred to when he wrote:

*The Angel that preceded o'er my birth  
Said: "Look creative, formed of joy and work.  
Go live without the help of anything on earth."*

For the last stage of love is to share love. In our busy industrial way, or our intent to make something work, put something done, we tend to shut out and exclude the whole prior side of ourselves that is open to tenderness. Yet that is just what we need most and just where the woman's movement is weakest. Because women, the masters of loving love in, are just masters at shutting it out. There's absolutely no way to deal with women when she is in a state of shadow—yet women, partially emancipated by having so long been outwardly repressed and deprived, are now risking, in their rush to get things done, the ultimate danger of becoming the superannuation of those very untender qualities they have so long deemed in men. But by allowing love, they will also have to allow vulnerability.

From the perspective of the twentieth century, it takes no Giffen to remind us again that the history of man has been unbelievably bad, the history of women merely odious. No doubt women could hardly have done worse than men: no doubt they have every reason to feel they could have done better. Still, a man from merely odious to vulnerability had would be at best, as they say in business, a hard move. Unfortunately, we are still just one short swing down from the top. Nevertheless, it is a good thing for us all to be here together, when we can share one another's brief triumphs and commiserate more directly on our failures.

In the last analysis we are all left with a psychoanalytical dream that takes the form of a life's journey, one which provides agonies and roadblocks all along the way. We can enter it at any point, depending on our individual rhythms and phases, but we do so only at the peril of madness. Ernest Hemingway once told a group of Johns Hopkins students that the best of life was what could leave it any time, but the idea was to go on and on and not quit until you had experienced failure. The fellows he meant was based on certain classic, primal impulses in men and women that allowed them to laugh and love together—a failure that could perhaps be destroyed by advocacy but never by severity.

When I was a boy, the Pennsylvania Dutch had an expression I loved: "You can never tell the length of a black snake until it's dead." I always thought it meant not until the victim is caught, tried, hanged, drawn, and quartered can you be sure how much damage he's done. But that was in my first half of life. Now I know a black snake is a good snake to have around. It protects the young children from the weeds and mosquitoes, on which it preys.

I have come to understand this analogy. The good black snake is our modern woman's movement. But that should never be confused with women's personal movement—how the great word has way up through life alone and together with men. Like so much else that is momentarily painful only when the black serpent is at last gone from us will we fully appreciate what good it has done. In the meantime, there will be a lot of diamonding for quality without the pain of responsibility. But when the great day comes, we will all rejoice together, whatever about the stuff of life—a healing solution—and it cannot come too soon. ☐



**Last Saturday, he planned on playing 18 holes of golf. But, something more important came up. A diamond is for him.**

To give you an idea of diamond value, the piece shown is available for about \$2000. Your jeweler can show you other fine diamond jewelry starting at about \$200. De Beers.

# The Coupes

*The most thinly disguised performance automobiles Mercedes-Benz builds*

**D**o not be misled by hand-rubbed walnut and genuine, contoured seats. Its emphasis on living well is only the most obvious benefit of a Coupe from Mercedes-Benz.

Two plus two Diesel or V8 two-seaters, the truly enduring benefit of any Mercedes-Benz Coupe is the robust exhilaration you feel as driving it down the road.

This heady sensation can be traced to romantic tradition and to cold engineering fact.

## From 198 to 280CE

And a romantic tradition it is. Blood ties half a century long link today's Coupes to the 198's, 300's and 300SL "gull-wing" Coupes of a past—classic machines revered for rare numbers and almost by hand, painstaking to produce. Concerns the technical dividends of more than 4,000 Mercedes-Benz compounds on vintage and five-world racing crowns.

The engineers always ended some thing extra for these sports cars—some times brutal, sometimes subtle, never bland. And today, 90 years later, they still do.

Many owners honor the tradition in their own colorful way. They order their Coupes custom—the color worn by Mercedes-Benz racing cars, the famed "Silver Arrows," in their years of greatest glory.

## Snobbery or purism?

Like those historic forefathers, today's Mercedes-Benz Coupes are proudly isolated from the common run of passenger sedans on the driving boards.

This is not snobbery but purism. The engineers insist that a bona fide Coupe's function so differs from a sedan's that special design considerations must be made to assure the full utilization of the concept.

Thus, none of the four Mercedes-Benz Coupes sold today borrows its chassis from an existing sedan—it might be easier and cheaper. Beneath the finish assemblance, each is designed as a Coupe from the chassis up.

Each is then built as a Coupe from the ground up.



## Millie Miglia comes to Main St.

A Coupe works through the S bends on a 4-wheel fully independent suspension system first devised for the recently—shed with the steel belted radial tires.

Airway bars at the front and rear help anchor the body down, to reduce disturbing "lean" as you take tight corners.

These Coupe underpinnings seem to track more of the Millie Miglia than of Main Street. (One Coupe feature not even the Mercedes-Benz Millie Miglia winners ever had: four wheel, 11 inch diameter disc brakes.)

## Hard driving, easy work

Unlike some of their thundering forebears, today's Coupes run no muscles and no no bones. Gear shifting is automatic; steering and brakes are power-assisted.

A special chamber in each shock absorber is charged with a hint of argon gas to act as an extra buffer against road irregularities. To help keep road jolts from traveling up the steering column and into your hands on the wheel, a fifth shock absorber is fitted into the steering worm itself.

## Exhilarated, not exhausted

Your exhilaration shouldn't be dampened by physical discomfort. So each Coupe is air conditioned. Electric windows. Life conserve your energy while an AM/FM stereo radio soothes your ears.

Even inch of window glass is tinted against glare, even inch of floor is carpeted, even each of rich looking walnut veneer trim is real walnut veneer.

And only Mercedes-Benz uphol-

sters are permitted to finish the big, solid, sumptuous driver's seats for the Coupes from Mercedes-Benz.

## Four Coupes to choose from

Mercedes-Benz executes the classic Coupe idea in four forms, creating a choice of body styles, seating configurations and engine types matched by no other marque.

The two-plus two **280CE Coupe**, introduced in December 1977, utilizes a fuel-injected 6-cylinder, multi-point head combustion engine to propel a four machine that incorporates the latest Mercedes-Benz technical developments.

The four-place **450SLC Coupe** delivers gold-plated V8 performance while carrying four people in comfort akin to a sedan. The 450SLC is pure sports car, pure luxury car, pure "personal" car—a prodigious feat of engineering. It is built on severely limited numbers, even by Coupe standards.

The two-seater **450SL**, with its interchangeable soft and hard tops is pure Coupe: pure convertible and pure open roadster depending on the driver's whim. A lush 4.5 liter V8 provides performance worthy of its sporting character.

The two-plus two **300CD Coupe** is a boldly engineered Coupe for our times—a 5-cylinder 5 liter Diesel-powered Coupe. The 300CD less will have your take and eat it too—all the aspects of a limited production roadster machine, all the operating efficiency of a Diesel.

## Engineered like an other car in the world

People give many reasons for choosing a Mercedes-Benz. But the company's aim in designing and constructing them is doggedly single minded: it is to build safe, comfortable, practical cars with as few imperfections as possible.

This philosophy puts engineering ahead of pure cosmetics and precludes the harmful mass-production of inexpensive cars. The emphasis is always on the pursuit of engineering excellence.

Mercedes-Benz is grown like no other car in the world.



Also shown: Mercedes 190 and 190C available in select areas.

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Owner/chef Jose Bermudez (left) and head chef Michel Planchet in the dining room of L.A.'s best French restaurant—L'Ermilage. In the foreground is one of their most famous dishes—drumstick of a duck with rare slices of breast and a fish-based sauce.

# Los Angeles's Best Restaurants: A Top Food Critic's Choices

Fifteen years ago, the town had little more to offer than taco stands, fast food, and mediocre haute. Now there is elegance, imaginative French cooking, and an array of offerings from Japan, China, and Thailand

by Carole Lalli

**I**t was a watershed in how Jose Bermudez of L'Ermilage describes the restaurant scene he found when he arrived in Los Angeles in 1955. Bermudez had just spent four years as a chef in a French restaurant in Las Vegas, so he knew a wilderness when he saw one. For one thing, people in Los Angeles didn't drink much wine with dinner at those days. The before-dinner Scotch and water was carried through to the escargots, the pink mutton, the ong se ve, and the rare Australian lamb, which itself was considered being back then.

Los Angeles restaurants caught up in a hurry, though, and after they caught up, they kept going until, finally, for French food at least, Los Angeles overtook San Francisco as the premier dining city on the West Coast. It's no good anymore to describe a restaurant as "good" for Los Angeles. "One used to do more three-day trips up north to scuffle the taste buds and realize French fare. If you went a textbook meal of pale quail with sauce Nantua followed by rack of lamb, with a rare chocolate sauce for dessert, you can certainly get that in San Francisco, but the new excitement is new."

Carole Lalli is the restaurant critic for the Los Angeles Herald Examiner.

restaurant in Los Angeles.

One chef told me that the reason for the new enthusiasm is that "people can be just so dumb for just so long," and a steady stream of young, very ambitious, and talented chefs, waiters, and restaurateurs has helped. According to Belgian-born Eddy Kerkhofs, one of the partners at the new Le Diplomate, the young French chefs who want to come to the United States now consider New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles, few want to go to San Francisco, where, he says, is thought to be "passed." A lot are simply attracted to Los Angeles by the image that attracts everyone else: "fast fun, sunshine, and pretty girls."

Another recent French emigre, a thirty-year-old chef who has already had his own successful place in London and is now the executive chef of one of the best new restaurants (and is already working for a place for himself) has a more practical assessment: "The greatest opportunity is here, more restaurants are needed, and there is more money to open them, and more money seemed to spend in them."

However, Los Angeles is not overly endowed with excellent restaurants serving European cuisine other than the French. Visiting from the East Coast complains that we haven't enough good Italian restaurants, although why that surprises them surprises me. Our coast faces a different

direction, and the influx of immigrants who entered the United States through West Coast ports came from China, Japan, and Southeast Asia, and that is the basis of our particular ethnic richness. Whereas I can easily choose a single best Italian restaurant in L.A., with ease, it is difficult to find my choices of Thai or Japanese places.

The other part of our ethnic richness comes from Mexico, but if you think you're about to find out about some wonderful Mexican restaurant, you're in for a disappointment. Before I got here, I too despised the masses of Los Angeles who beamed with self-Mexican restaurants. I was wrong. But then I also thought that arisabolas, quesadillas, and nachos were going to be cheaper than they are. I took sides from where they're grown. I was wrong there too.

What follows is a list of personal favorites, and I am quite open to the notion that someone else's favorite Thai or Japanese or even Chinese restaurant is as good as mine (though I doubt it). And I know this: there are folks who do not share my appreciation for Perino's. I suppose you could call that a matter of taste, although some people's tastes are clearly better than others'. I do not, however, think it is desirable that L'Ermilage and Poppo are best in their class—French and Italian.

Photographs by Rozelle Kadman

MARCH 13 1978/ESQUIRE 21

Last year, Roger Verge and Paul Bocuse came to America in an era of self-promotional loans and chose L'Erménegor for their first annual dinner de cuisine. Recently, André Daguin swung through in style with champagne apricot-laced black pepper and traffic ate cream, and he did it at L'Erménegor. Jean Berthoin, the restaurant's owner-chef, is French, chic, and not given to the extravagant style of his colleagues, but he is obviously pleased by the attention of the two- and three-star chefs, the subtle recognition that L'Erménegor is the best French restaurant in the West, one of the best in the country, and the only piece of Los Angeles' new reputation for excellent French food.

L'Erménegor thrives on the complete attention of Berthoin. If there is a flaw at this restaurant, it is an occasional lapse in the service, which would probably go unnoticed if everything else were not so splendid. It also would not occur so often if Berthoin, who is a tough enough taskmaster as the kitchen, were more interested in playing "Le propriétaire," but as it is, he is a fairly sane man.

Otherwise, the chef has plenty of energy for detail and is restless for constant improvement. Recently, he sent off the pale-hued guest and more paper that covered the walls, it gave way to a beige-colored, washable covering, and the high-backed, upholstered dining chairs were re-covered in tapestry woven fabric from Italy. Like many restaurants in Los Angeles, and few in any other city, L'Erménegor can afford a lot of space, and its rooms of rooms in capacity, with the full-size tables set comfortably apart.

Two patterns of china from Villency at Blois are used here: blue and yellow cream-Bocuse at Villency and a pattern of flowers on a light and a darker blue. The flowers are placed forward and individual plates cover some from Christine, an exclusive pattern of flowers costs between \$3,000 and \$1,400 each month.

Last year, Berthoin decided to close L'Erménegor at French so that the kitchen could concentrate on the evening meal alone, even though head chef Michel Stan that could easily run a first-ranked restaurant in himself. This year, he has favorite activity pursuing more and better ingredients and creating new dishes. It is already been well reported that chefs for the restaurant are named according to Bocuse's confidentiality as a result in Bocuse. The chef's goal is to make the large banquet for L'Erménegor's signature dish, rare duck is a full-course menu based on a reduction from the duck's bones and an Mcdone menu. New chicken will be raised on a farm to a purpose followed by the farmers of France that is raised during the chicken are live until the last two weeks, when they are caged in the duck—"aua and quack," according to Berthoin—used

## For French food, at least, Los Angeles has become the premier dining city in the West.

French food is a lot of corn, wheat, boiled rice, and milk, and so water at the end it is hoped that large-boned, juicy, and tender chickens will result.

Fresh-filled pastries from a farmer in Capetown are baked and stuffed with a moist and succulent truffled with truffles and gouda cheese, or the cavities are filled with garlic cloves to permeate the fish with their flavor. Wisconsin grown green peas are the best in the country, are flown in fresh every day in a two-stage service, the rare broiler in a dish, darkly sauced, fresh white sauce, followed by soufflé of pomegranate accompanied by cheese salad garnished with fried pomegranate seeds. Well here from Scotland, is roasted in a maitre d'hotel sauce and served with chestnut and oyster puree. Besides the soups of the hors d'oeuvre menu—the famous sauté and dill-sautéed salmon, the sandwich of foie gras with asparagus asparagus, or, more recently, ducksteak slices of duck served with a lemon sauce—now there are fresh things from Florida as a simple butter sauce or with a glaze of black cabbage set off by a soup of oyster.

Berthoin started in a poultry chef, and dessert here has always been extravagant. There are almost four cars—apple, pear, orange, even banana, in the fishy foie gras or the buttery pork saddle, the last of fish maitre d'hotel, or almost plain has been popular all over. The Producers at the light, white, even green, and even the chef's floating island in a miracle of supposedly false-trained and airy meringue, the entire kitchen is rich and deeply soaked with vanilla. A cream cake for black velvet cake. New Zealand 200 pounds have been ordered so that cases can be added to the assortment of desserts that already includes loaf, grapefruit, raspberry, pistachio, and papaya. There is a lot more, as if that weren't enough, a plate of maitre d'hotel—meat maitre d'hotel, maitre d'hotel, and crisp almond toast—appears automatically with coffee (L'Erménegor, 730 North La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069, 213-452-1583).

I turned in to the television movie of Joyce Kilmer's *The Days*, a dramatic life of Beverly Hills and Hollywood as some time ago, it just as time to catch one of those rare moments when Hollywood has a little fun at its own expense. As a principal character exits from the scene, the next comedy, "I'll be at Mr. Mason if you need me," I checked, and it gave me a sense of relief to know that from Malibu to Silver Lake, thousands of others were checking too, whereas in most of the rest of the country, the remark probably meant trouble.

Most of the rest of America doesn't even know that Hollywood isn't really in Hollywood anymore, some days, it is more of Los Angeles.

"The people speaking at the Polo Lounge are New Yorkers," says Mr. Mason's owner, Patrick Tormel, with an unmistakable edge of contempt. Mr. Mason is for leaders, the power elite of the movie business, who come to be prepared, protected, and fed some of the best French food west of Los Angeles. Tormel claims never to send out these press releases saying that so-and-so dropped in for the salad course (though he made an exception when Mr. Lillian died), but since the restaurant has never caught flow some of the guests, the notice about what was eaten, and with whom, usually comes from the press agent for the celebrities.

Hardly recognizable celebrities are an accessory supply. Hollywood restaurant *Black Mame* says eating Mr. Mason is like eating a reputation. According to Tormel, Orson Welles took five to five days a week at his home, Michael Caine has appeared four days in a row, and David Niven, in some for one day, died this week. *Frankie Kelly* died in around two or three times a week, Suzanne Pleshette "has to be out of town" each three. In the same work that the L.A. Times has reported that Ed McMahon was showing something to the Scandale Club, he has been for two consecutive nights at Mr. Mason.

Jack Jones, Jack Lamanna, Jacqueline Bress, Maria Beronice, and rock star Bob Scaggs are other highly visible regulars. However, it is not the players but the carpenter but the carpenter but at Mr. Mason, the bookings for any week read like a Who's Who of Hollywood power brokers. Deane Stanfill, the man who brought Twentieth Century Fox into the black and entered a \$15-million bond for the effort, is a former lawyer, as is head of Paramount Pictures Barry Diller. Peter Rosenthal, who runs MGM Studios, and Rick Korman, who owns the whole studio, are also regulars. Rick Korman, who runs Richard Roth and his company, Richard Roth, director Louis Malle, super-fish Bobby Zarem, and maitre d'hotel Dina De Laurentis all have donated the fine points of propriety, transparency, and discretion at Mr. Mason.

Tormel always avoids this question from his post at the tip of the pub that leads from the street to the restaurant's entrance, and he is good at what he does. He can remember a lot of names, and he has the memory to let off his guests and he remains approachable when others might become unpleasant. When David Duglas, Ray Stark, and Dan Bel-



Owner Patrick Tormel, right, and chef Wolfgang Puck stand outside the fashionable Mo Mason, a converted Hollywood boulevard "Gypsy" car parked in front at the proper time of the place. One month after, Tormel counted twenty-two Hollywood guests.

lock all showed up for lunch—separately—only days after the "incident" in Culver Plaza began, it was as if nothing had happened.

And, like the pattern of some other roles, he goes on without necessarily being aware, and a lot of guests go wrong at Mr. Mason, the bookings for any week read like a Who's Who of Hollywood power brokers. Deane Stanfill, the man who brought Twentieth Century Fox into the black and entered a \$15-million bond for the effort, is a former lawyer, as is head of Paramount Pictures Barry Diller. Peter Rosenthal, who runs MGM Studios, and Rick Korman, who owns the whole studio, are also regulars. Rick Korman, who runs Richard Roth and his company, Richard Roth, director Louis Malle, super-fish Bobby Zarem, and maitre d'hotel Dina De Laurentis all have donated the fine points of propriety, transparency, and discretion at Mr. Mason.

For every, a meal at Mr. Mason can be a serious problem, there are a lot of serious guests, during over three hours from 11:00 a.m. to 1:00 a.m., a certain number remain at the rather dainty plastic croquet set, the main view (usually a front garden for what was once a little Hollywood boulevard). Important guests will be involved. Mr. who's there, who's he with, where's he eating, it was there when a well-known product came in with his fiancée. The man's name had been in the papers more than once that week—the engagement had been briefly announced and so had the product's personal bankruptcy. Everyone held his breath. Would he be as usually grand as always? Would he get so good a table? He was life. Everyone asked a happy sigh of relief—after all, it would happen to him someday. The use of it, whose age and psychology are not caught up in the web work

of Hollywood politics, one relax and enjoy what is best about Mr. Mason, which is the food. Five years ago, the place was serving mediocre duck dishes at moderate prices. Today, it is the second-best French restaurant in town (although La Serre and L'Erménegor are growing for the time being). When Wolfgang Puck, Mr. Mason's twenty-one-year-old chef, took over the kitchen three and a half years ago, the first thing he did was to discard the meringue and start buying better, and everyone was amazed at the place changed \$100 a day. These days appear to be out. The recent set-down, 1978 anniversary dinner for forty kinds of the restaurant (most prominent, Gene Kelly, who gave Tormel \$10,000 to go into business) began with Puck's brilliant fresh duck, fine green and sautéed.

Today, few order from the menu, although one or two of the signature dishes—fish green beans with some liver pâté or the poached scallops with a juicy glaze of vegetables—have not lost their appeal. At least 85 percent of the 350 to 400 lunches and dinners served each day are chosen from among the ever-changing and ever-innovative daily specials. Puck takes obvious pride in having been one of the first in town to do fish as a crudit, but was struck down with a maitre d'hotel and a waitress of choice. He is equally

proud of the unusual trout-fillet strategy he sometimes gets from the Monterey, Mexico, coast and serves poached and served simply with vegetable-based brown butter.

Another of Puck's current favorites is a two-stage duck course in the manner of the Chateau de la Roche in France, which is a little less popular. First, the mrs. shod duck breast is presented in a stage made from a reduction of duck bone stock and puree with Aranzatz, then, the grilled duck breast and thigh are served with a salad of cherry generously garnished with pieces of fried duck skin. One other regular dish here is fresh oysters wrapped in a brown butter sauce with a central garnish of slices of oysters or as a filling.

A new pastry chef is following the current fashion for breads (little buns carved out of flauts and filled with light purple cream and berries).

If it is indeed true that a few of Mr. Mason's guests are ready for a new banquet, it is somewhat ironic that they are firing off just now, when the restaurant is finally getting its stride (Mr. Mason, 8366 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069). The restaurant's address, ridiculously, as edited under an information, although the telephone book prints it. It is 213-452-0991.)

Since Colombia's first case where he, sailing men have been littering the brilliantly blue Bitterman waters with seaweeds. Some careen inshore, some cowered heads. Like the drungel of all cases a train

**Hell fire ship, heaven for divers.**

The team led by Eleuthera's northern tip, scattered on Devil's Backbone Reef. At least six wrecks are strewn here: a divers' paradise, we thought, and a perfect place to hide a case of C.C.

We headed for Ramon's Bay Club on Harbour Island. The club could provide us a launch and guides to explore the

Hell for ships, heaven for divers.

At least six worlds are shown here: a diver's paradise, sea thought, and a perfect place to hide a case of C.C.

We headed for Romana Bay Club on Harbour Island. The club could provide us a launch and guides to explore the

Since Columbus first came ashore here, sailors men have been lusting for the brilliantly blue Bahamian waters with shipwrecks. Some can tell us more, some crowned heads. But the strangest of all

Seek groupers, and bring muscles.  
My crowded Chevy. Rockhouse is


The Iron Ians off Eleuthera's northern tip, scattered on Devil's Backbone Reef

To raise the C.C., you'll need scuba gear, guts and muscle: it weighs 200 pounds. Start where a "dinner boat"

We headed for Kona Kai Club on Harbour Island. The club could provide us a launch and guides to explore the

May your seat for the search be as smooth as our whisky. Note: nonswimmers may discover their own Canadian Club adventure at bars or local package stores (by just saying "C.C., please").

It goes as a warning as well as a precaution: that the Changling offers little outside of irremediable Shenzen food, find it not one of these places where a cabaret "Mandarin" arena means to appeal to a wide range of cultural tastes. Changling is a boat left to do what it don't boat, for its status at other styles can be disastrous—the Peking duck, for example, was about the worst I've tried.



My dinner with friends at the Changling usually begins with the tradition of "order more than we can eat" and the inevitable order of double or triple portions of the incredible dumplings in chili, which they encase dough wrappers around a fill of ground, superheated mixture of pork and spiced the freshest touch in a glossy pool of dark red sauce and red chili oil. The dumplings are spicy but not quite too spicy in the equally irresistible cold Cantonese noodles. Plainly, Szechuan dishes are deftly prepared with fire-hot ingredients, include small chunks of juicy chicken (or shrew shrew) with dried chili and chili and new peanuts, excellent chicken or beef with an aromatic flavor from oil, scorching tangy stir-fry, or small shrew shrews cooking in a smoky combination of bean paste, red oil, and garlic. Among the more unique specialties are the smoked camellia in duck, which, depending on the intensity of the smoking process, emerges light pink in color and subtly flavored or (rarely) in the deeper hue and taste of smoked pork. Josh Greenfield, the waiter, refuses to believe that the smolder version is duck at all; he insists that the dish is the auspicious Chinese delicacy "hen in duck bone." I would agree with him. Greenfield is

For the most part, the ducks are the first ground, sophisticated users of ponds and spend the feeding time in a glossy pool of duck spit sauce and red chili oil. The dumplings are spicy but not quite so spicy as the equally irresistible cold duck. The noodles. Flaming. Flaming. Flaming. All dainties prepared with low-fat vegetable oil, include small chunks of juicy chicken (or shrimps) stuffed with dried and thick and raw peanuts, excellent chicken or beef with an aromatic flavor from oil, aromatic tangy sauce, or small chicken tenderloins up in a sticky combination of bean paste, red oil, and garlic. Among the more unique specialties are the smoked camphor duck, which, depending on the intensity of the smoking process, emerges light pink in color and subtly flavored or smoky on the deeper look and taste of smoked pork. Josh Greenfield, the waiter, refuses to believe that the another version is duck at all; he insists that the dish is the ancient Chinese delicacy "burnt duck bone". I would have never seen the Charcoal Duck

of the smother process, emerges light pink in color and subtly flavored or tasteless on the deeper hue and taste of uncooked pork. Josh Greenfield, the owner, refuses to believe that the smother version is duck at all; he insists that the dish is the authentic Chinese delicacy "men or duck bone". I would have to go to the Chinese restaurant



not have Changling hot sauce whole fish usually fresh soup or red snapper that are rivers fish deep in a pungent sauce of heavy sweet oil, dark soy sauce, and crushed red chilies. I also cannot miss the perfectly sticky thick strips of eggplant cooked to soft textured sweetness not my favorite dish here, green bean threaded noodles with a satisfying, scallion-laced combination of ground beef, soy bean sprouts, ginger, garlic, and red chili paste. Green bean threaded noodles should be used for less because the effect on the palate is precisely the same as the green bean threaded noodles. Technically, the noodles, the eggplant, and the dumplings too thick require two days to eat but are sometimes available without preparation on weekends. (Changling 15158 West Post Road, West Los Angeles, Calif. 90064; 213-477-4897.)

For the best Cantonese food, I like to take a short trip to Gardens, twenty miles away from Beverly Hills. Gardens is a suburb named for its legal problem children and its large, middle-class American

the champagne too duck regrettably two days earlier but are sometimes available without prior arrangement on weekends. (Chaparral, 15158 West Ford Boulevard, West Los Angeles, Calif. 90064; 213-477-4997.)

For the best Campanas food, I like to take a short trip to Gardens, twenty miles away from downtown Beverly Hills. Gardens is a superb restaurant for its legal prohibition on red and white wine, middle-class American

For the best Cordon-Rosé, I like to take a short trip to Gordes, twenty miles by freeway from Beverly Hills. Gordes is a suburb noted for its legal poker rooms and its large, middle-class houses.

**Canadian Club**  
"The Best in The House"<sup>TM</sup>  
is even better in the Bahamas.



For Szechuan food, the choice is Chungking; for authentic Cantonese dishes, try Gung Hay.

\_\_\_\_\_

nant can ignore "Western taste" and concentrate on authentic Cantonese specialties. Another is the fun, which has spread to Los Angeles's Chinatown, of his Hong Kong-born chef and his eight assistant chefs.

For the most interesting meal here, it is best to order from the special menu, "Traditional Dishes from Old China," which includes bite-sized bowls of soup (dumplings).

stuffed bamboo shoots must be ordered a full week in advance! These dishes come from a simple suite of large shrimp and chunks of fresh lobster to a boned duck loosely packed with a prawnish stuffing of its own meat, Chinese lean, scallops barley, lotus seeds, and ginkgo nuts. Blood squabs with a moist, soft stuffing of pounded shrimps, walnuts, and mushrooms are

deep fried to produce a crunchy skin and cut into two-inch chunks. Fried "basket" made from two are a sure tour de force. One is made from ground pork formed into a ring, deep fried, and filled with shrimps in a delicate soft brown oyster sauce, the other is fashioned from shredded pork into a basket, deep fried, and filled with a pretty combination of beef, pea pods, and tiny ferns mushrooms.

Gung Hay's regular menu is almost as specialized. Chicken Gung Hay is seasoned with onion, ginger, and lined with

The restaurant also has a unique, long, narrow grill, filled with slivers of chicken, beef, pork, lamb, and fish. The grill is heated with charcoal, and the meats are cooked over an open flame. The grill is a popular spot for the restaurant's regulars, and it's a great place to watch the chef cook.

on red and black mushrooms and heavily flavored with chili paste. Instead of the familiar dough wrapper, this pungent mixture is massaged in a lacy pork cut fat that almost entirely disappears during the hot, fast frying into a crisp skin. The agnolls are not on the menu at all but usually can be had for the asking (Guang Hai Restaurant, 1480 Crenshaw Boulevard, Gardena, Calif. 90247; 213-534-2370).

Despite the persistent reverse outlook of those who would ignore centuries' Chinese-dynasty epidemics in favor of "naturalistic" downtown drives, The Mandarin in Beverly Hills continues to be a terrific place. The strikingly beautiful Cresta Chiang opened her first Mandarin in San Francisco eleven years ago. Los Angeles' extension is now almost four years old.

Madame Chiang was one of the first to introduce dishes from the northern Chinese provinces, which by now have become de rigueur in far less sophisticated places. Tsao Mangolin is represented with gaily colored lean lamb and cauliflower, a dish that derives from the cuisine of the only Chinese province to have raised a prolific herd of lamb and mutton. The Madame's cold chicken salad (hacked chicken) is derived in a sophisticated sense of sausage, onion, garlic, red chili oil, and the sliver skin of Chinese, roasted or in some cases

The Peking duck is served with its golden skin cut into neat rectangles. And vegetable—unsoppressible appetizer bravely fried with cellophane noodles, practically raw, diagonally cut thin asparagus with whoppers of sesame paste, or medium-hot appetizer and minced pork—are prepared with the same importance as the principal dishes and should not be missed (The Mandarin, 430 North Canadian Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210; 313-273-0067).



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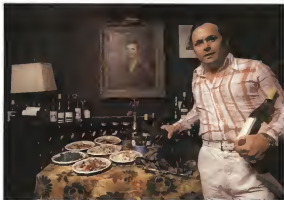


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## Vantage

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's



Gianni Pickett, owner-chef of Peppino, shows off his pasta dishes, the day's catch of fresh seafood, and some of his new wines.

### ITALIAN

The best Italian restaurant in Los Angeles is hidden in a tiny neighborhood shopping center in Brentwood. Peppino is smallish and darkish and outfitted with the kind of comfortable, carved leatherette booths that were once typical of Los Angeles restaurants.

The owner-chef, Gianni Pickett, is soft-spoken and a little shy, but he is relaxing in his daily period of chatty food and wine for his restaurant. The back lanes of his Brentwood house has been given over to a crop of basil to supply the restaurant's fragrant, garlicky-pesto pasta. And sometimes, Pickett's search for special items sends vaguely mysterious. One night it was, "An old man I know was here today, and he made some special sauce. He only makes them once or twice a year. Do you want some?" (There don't seem to be a whole lot of secret recipes to that question—"Oh, no, I don't think so, not today" doesn't sound quite right.) And for a while, the sauces were being supplied by a garage mechanic in Las Vegas, but that source seems to have dried up in the desert.

The wine list itself is a work in progress, rewritten constantly by Pickett to reflect his latest acquisition of rare wines, mostly from California and Italy. The cooking at Peppino is based on the

regional style of Pickett's native Veneto, with plenty of help from Master Pickett, who has relocated in Brentwood himself. Since Peppino is a restaurant that adapts gracefully to the season and the business energy and temperament of its chef, so the written menu serves mostly as a descriptive point. I hadn't looked at the menu so well over a year, so I casually reintroduced a couple of outstanding regular appetizers—the elegant Venetian spinach of prosciutto and cheese in a lightly sautéed butter sauce and the plump stuffed artichokes, briny with sage and freshly underscored with spicy prosciutto. On most nights, I automatically order the arrabbiata slender cups of food: minestrone or short steaks of fresh spaghetti, shrimp and crayfish on the outside, salt flavored and moist inside.

Pasta possibilities are endless, but the cheese is obvious when deep-fried, smooth textured porcine maincourses are available to tins with a lot of cream and Dutch braised, or, in summer, when the pork is in season. Then there is the intriguing pan-fried, with dairy bits of vegetables, or eggplant, with excellent cannelloni from Genoa and fresh peas. Recently, Pickett abandoned the standard restaurant style of lasagna (usually made once a week, heated to order) in favor of a more classic interpretation. Now, a single elegant spinach noodle is folded around a

blend of cheese and omelet to create

slightly sautéed lamb's kidneys, tender trout or a thick, poppy fish tomato sauce, and pork, calves' liver sliced and sautéed Venetian style, with plenty of onions, are among the best meat courses. But beyond that, Peppino is a great fish restaurant. Pickett divides with a fisherman from Tricore who meets the boats before dawn at San Pedro—the biggest fish port in the country—in order to score the best for his customers. Ask Pickett what's available and he may grab a large, clear-eyed red snapper under the grill and dice it over to your table for asparagus. In the kitchen, fresh Pacific lobsters are dancing out of their wooden crate. If crab arrives as pepper on the market (they rarely do because most of them are canned for kung fu) Pickett serves them the same day in a trapezoidal fry, sweet-fleshed octopus is gently sautéed with fresh tomatoes and garlicky herbs. If you can't decide on only one fish, Pickett will skillfully sauté a trio made from his daily catch and present it with lemon and capers.

The best desserts are the frothy moccasins, flavored with banana or Amaretto liqueur, and the sophisticated mussels, light as egg and scented with Marula. (Peppino, 11621 Brentwood Court, Brentwood, West Los Angeles, Calif. 90049, 213-476-7379.)

Make last comment on page 60. Overleaf L. & W. three sweetest cooking restaurants.

# Three New Contenders

Restaurant openings are now high spots in the L.A. social season. These three cost about \$3 million



*L'Orangerie's real dramatic dining room.*

My own favorite of the new restaurants is Le Dôme, which occupies a slightly eccentric Greek Revival building on the Sunset Strip, in generous accommodations the building has been a bank and the offices for actress Steve Prohberg. To create Le Dôme, the entire interior space was ripped out and replaced with a very stylish decor carved out in dark green and plums and a touch of chrome here and there and set off by hydriotes patterned upholstery and an impressive collection of Chinese pottery. Against this eclectic background, the owners, Michel Ybault and Eddy Koricheff—one or both of them are always in the premises—enriched a casual atmosphere with a Lebanese menu. The menu, however,

meets with a little resistance from the customers, who seemed to be more interested by real country fare than by dishes derived from the haute cuisine. One reviewer even complained that the prices were too low. The pork chop has disappeared from the menu, the very good thick veal chop, grilled medium rare and garnished with braised onions and smoky lamb chops, has been joined by the more familiar veal scallops, but enough Lebanese-type dishes remain. And, popular Lebanese meze including those are the dishes I favor in this restaurant.

The best dish at the place may very well be the spicy, juicy boules rare and sautéed sweetened apples and whipped potatoes, but then, there is the once-a-week chateaubriat, the cheese salad generously garnished with carefully made lamb chops, and the fresh tuna fish, sharply and satisfyingly grilled with southern herbs.

Besides a solid, mainstream clientele for lunch and dinner, Le Dôme has attracted a young, good-looking and well-to-do crowd, drawn from the artists and graphic arts businesses, who live for hours—the place is open continuously from 11:00 A.M. to 2:00 A.M.—and the impressive atmosphere it has become something of a tradition in my family to stop in late (after a discouraging excursion to a new restaurant) for an ice cream, an espresso, or a half bottle of champagne and one of the pastries from the very good, home-made daily selection (Le Dôme, 8730 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90068; 213-451-9419).

L'Orangerie goes Los Angeles one of its most stunning dining rooms, it is a high-ceilinged and well-proportioned, a cool, serene space emphasized by potel-pots and peach, pink, and green for the upholstery

and drapery for the table linens. The menu is small but sophisticated, and more than one of the dishes—soft scrambled eggs topped off by corn or chorizo charmer served in agnolles and an individual, two, paper-cup apple tart—have slowly become its trademarks. Among the other hot dishes are a full-flavored fish soup broiled scented with saffron and garlic and served with a very emphatic note, a thick fillet of sea bass, intensely fragrant with fennel and a touch of Pernod, and an excellent double beef rib (for two) which is darkly charred on the outside, pink and running with juices on the inside. Besides the apple tart, an impressive dessert is a tall, ridiculously buttery mélange of puff pastry covered out

to make a container for raspberries in verted cream (L'Orangerie, 903 N. Le Conte, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif. 90068, 213-451-9779).

Possibly the most serious new kitchen in town is at the Club Elysée, although the restaurant itself, with a decor that runs to gray plush and gleaming bowls of goldfish, is hardly part of the new glamour that has descended on Los Angeles. However, the food menu does compensate for the lack of interior design. The chef is Ken Frank, a twenty-three-year-old from Pasadena, apparently talented and confident beyond his years, who throws no conservatism and experimentation and prefers to

run his kitchen with an American staff ("They're smarter and easier to work with than French cooks"). The results are based on Frank's own fairly solid French training, intuition, and a deeper knowledge to compensate. The dishes at Club Elysée are unrelenting, unadorned, and elegant. One of his first concerns on the preparation of food itself. Some of the cooking is unorthodox. Duck and fish benefit from undercooking, chicken is cooked briefly at very high heat, then left to finish in its own internal juices. Steaks are based on medium-rare and served on toast. One of the most satisfying creations here is the lamb d'orange off raw scallops in a complicated dressing highlighted by raspberries, the

scallops are meant to be eaten on the whole and are served with which they are served. Plates are arranged with hand-edged presentation. Watercress and parsley have been tossed. Frank's own secondary dried duckling breast in a complex and wine sauce was delicious, but it is the royal memory that lives on the shell-pink meat with a pretty ruffle of fat salt marinated on a plump marrow good all moist surrounded by six perfect bright-green and white, braised scallops. The party tour de force here is a poached pear, ornamented by Norwiche, and mounted on a high, pear-shaped fondle spread with peach cream. (Club Elysée, 151 Delaney Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90211, 213-378-9343.)



*The dining room staff and the owners of Le Dôme line up before the Greek Revival facade of the new branch on the Sunset Strip, across the street from Cynara, a landmark.*



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## T H A I

Angelenos recently consume Thai food in the city's forty or fifty established Thai restaurants. This cuisine, built on a foundation of wacky, fanciful dishes and exotic herbs, is available, cheap, in roadside Thai restaurants as frequently every 1.4 neighborhood. What is only now becoming the latest food novelty elsewhere is an established part of Los Angeles life. We had Thai food first. Only one recommendation would be impossible, so here are several.

My own favorite Thai restaurant is a perfectly plain suburban city slightly removed by some Ave Santa points and a few occasionally healthy plans. It is inconveniently located for all but the residents of Chaga Park (I am not one), a shockingly nondescript town in the northwestern corner of the San Fernando Valley, it is operated by a very income tax but red-throated named Arre and wherever of her relatives is handy. Currently, the staff includes her sister and a very young, recently immigrated angeleno. Arre's menu lists mostly familiar Thai dishes, but her cooking is distinguished by her varied sophistication. For instance, her plus Thai is made with noodles the makes everyday and the most they don't stir-fry, scrambled eggs, crushed peanuts, and red chilies but Arre manages to see these things especially and also in balance with one another. Chicken with egg, another mainstay of the Thai cuisine, requires excellent chicken with fatty red chili oil, garlic, and a handful of garlic scallion meat. A special Thai cold dish of minced beef is blended with tomato, cilantro, and lemon juice, garnished with red onion.

Occasionally, Arre manages to get a supply of Thai-green coffee beans, which are rarely exported since the crop barely meets domestic demand, then her Thai cold coffee, useful in any case, becomes welcome. (Gala, 21305 Sherman Way, Chaga Park, Calif. 91301, 213-344-6441.) Also in the San Fernando Valley, the Thai House is suitable for a couple of dishes not available elsewhere. The place apparently was once a barbecue restaurant and has a large, beefy grill, which also accounts for the extraordinary good barbecued chicken, which has a dark, glazed, marinated skin and rich, moist meat. Also, there are Thai eggplants, composed of delicate rice noodles wrapped around a filling of beef sprouts that are fried, julienned, fried bean curd, and spicy Chinese pork sausages, they are topped off by a sweet, tomato-based sauce. Don't Home who has a top-notch beef and poultry curry in a mild, coconut milk broth. (Don't Home, 14843 Sherman Way, Van Nuys, Calif. 91408, 313-744-7508.)

One of the classic dishes in the Thai cuisine is moojoo, in which crisp fried rice, stick noodles, shrimp and pork are combined in a lightly fermented sauce of vinegar, ketchup, and rice pils, a fermented



Ar Siba, owner-chef don't say, and her wife Panna after Thai noodle dishes and an unknown salad, spicy, specially garnished

Thai cooking may be  
the country's newest  
food fashion.  
Angelenos love it  
and had it first.

fish sauce, and garnished with a layer of fried egg. It is a dish that challenges the cook's skills, and because the weighty sauce can quickly make the delicate noodles, it must be prepared deftly and served immediately. The best moojoo in Los Angeles may be at Chulalongkorn, a large and attractive Culver City restaurant that also features an unusual dish of chicken and spinach dressed with an Indonesian sauce, a rich chicken and coconut milk soup with an amazing blend of lemon grass, and homemade, peanut-buttered coconut ice cream. (Chulalongkorn, 6512 Washington Boulevard, Culver City, Calif. 90230, 213-559-3445.)

## CONTINENTAL

If the better part of business is the learning of that which was most recently fashionable, then I suppose my affection for Panna's, which achieved its heyday sometime before I grew up, is hardly vintage. Panna's appeals to my taste for places in which I can imagine that the year is not 1979. In these times, I pull up under the porte cochere of Panna's in my new 1944 black Cadillac coupe and stroll into the oval, rose-colored dining room to gloves that reach halfway to the elbows. The waitress, Ruby, is that any woman wearing gloves in a Los Angeles restaurant today invites suspicious stares and that accepted fashion (which swings wildly from truly elegant to slavishly vulgar) moved decidedly west of Panna's Hancock Park location some years ago. Nevertheless, there are, thankfully, enough folks around who are free of the burden of fat follow-up to keep Panna's going, a lot of them also have names that are firmly attached to some of the city's oldest fortunes.

Those who have opted for the traditional restaurants are among what may be their last chance to experience first-class continental dining in Los Angeles. Founder Alvin Panna did his best training at the old Delmonico's and came out of an old-fashioned European background that demanded formal appointments, a huge menu, and service à la Russe. Panna's opened decades before California would be comfortable dining from an increasingly French menu; the rage was for continental cuisine, as it had been since the gay Nineties.

Panna's prices are high (\$22 for two double lamb chops), but they are justified by the cooking as well as the service. The restaurant was written by the very first chef in a turn-of-the-century mode that still prevailed in 1918, only two chefs later, it has changed little. The list of more than twenty hors d'oeuvres runs nearly as strong these days as the persistence to acquire the best, like the olive-onion omelet or oysters on the half shell, which are always lovely fresh, or the impeccable sauté—although oysters, still cold under a







**F**or the new stridency of urban professionals in the West, restaurants are where the real business is looked. Ideas, not goods, are the currency traded across the table—and the better the table, the more lucrative the deal. The best tables in Los Angeles are naturally those to be found at the most picturesque dining havens.

*The Crowns* (see \$200) left is from Macy's New York. Guy Livingston. *Casta Mista*. The shirt by Gant (\$20) is from Carson's Fine Jeans. Chicago. The Arctur Kied for Eriksson (see \$11.50) is from Macy's. New York. The Alexander Jahan suit (\$410) and shirt (\$40) (vest) are from Berkeley of Georgetown, Perkins-Shearer, Denver. The tie (\$13.50) is by Berkeley for Carson Fine Jeans, Chicago. The Arctur Richards suit (\$125) right is from Jacy's of the Canons. Charlotte, N.C. The Gordan of New Orleans shirt (\$15) is available at Norman Marcus, Dallas. The tie (\$13) is by Eric Fickler for Fikler's. Buenos Aires. *Sanctum*. Seattle. The suit (\$345) is by Alexander Jahan for Fikler at Wilkes. Berkeley. San Francisco. Her clothes are by Refect. *Alce*. The suit (\$180) left by Staudisch is from Jack Henry Kansas City. The Arctur Richards shirt (\$12.50) is from Marshall Field & Co., Chicago. *Pepp* of the Canons. Charlotte. The Country Berkeley suit (about \$165) right is from Arctur's. Minneapolis, Cedarvale & Son. Dallas. The *Merleway* shirt (\$21.50) is from Berkeley's. Wilkes. L.A. *Alce* (see \$7.50) is by Haden's. New York.



**T**he industrial tycoon's sharp greetings is a topographical in a western business setting in a master's university. Even the shape of the American suit is changing. Linings are coming out, the fit is relaxed, and fabrics are loosely woven. The more casual look in suits is not without an irony of sorts. The natural fibers of linen, cotton, and silk are often blended with complex synthetics to add durability and shape, and the fabric weaves themselves are made possible by the processes of the most advanced industrial technologies.

—Lisa Marcus

*Egon von Furstenberg's suit (left), suit (middle) and shirt (right) left, are from the Emporium, San Francisco; Panama Lane, St. Louis; Macy's, Los Angeles; White (left) is by overcoat for Macy's, New York; Felt's, Houston; Rick's, Atlanta. The suit (left), right, is by Banana 140 for Gendler, Washington, D.C.; Mayfield & Mather, Detroit. One from Best Policer (left) is Rick's Atlanta; Nordstrom, Seattle; Lord & Taylor, New York; Gordon of New Orleans, Inc. (right) is from Aronson-Morris, Dallas; Ragsdale Ltd., Chicago; Ragsdale, Yellow, New York.*

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# ARMED AND DANGEROUS

by Geoffrey Norman

His wife had been raped. And she wanted nothing from him. He could not avenge her, he could not comfort her—he could only teach her to shoot.

**C**alloway found Sandra's note scotch taped on the refrigerator door, and it said for him to meet her at the police station. He drove furiously and found her sitting at an office with glass walls. She looked composed, almost serene, except that she was biting her lower lip.

"What happened?" he said, out of breath.

"I was raped. Dad."

The news took a few seconds to penetrate his shock, like a stone sinking into ice. He walked over to her, lifted her from the chair and held her.

"Are you all right?"

"I've been raped. I've been tested over at the hospital. You know—for evidence. I've had to tell my story to five different cops who didn't believe me. But on the whole I'd say I'm all right."

Her face was pressed into his shoulder, and he could feel her crying and fighting each sob.

"Pete. I'm sorry. Take it easy—don't worry, it will be all right. Why didn't you call me?"

"Because I wanted to handle it myself," she said, pushing away from him.

*Geoffrey Norman is a novel editor for* Esquire *Fortnightly*. *He lives in Vermont and is finishing his first novel.*



Illustration by Gary Soto





rupt. The one would not look back. Once, his lawyer whispered something to him, and he shrugged indifferently. Calloway felt cold with rage.

It was warm where the defense attorney began his cross-examination.

"Mrs. Calloway," he said with floral politeness, "what is your occupation?"

"I'm a housewife," Sandra said weakly. The lawyer had forced the most humiliating confession on the first question.

"Do you have any children?"

"No."

"I see. Have you ever been employed? In a full-time capacity, that is?"

"No."

"But you are a college graduate . . . isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"And what sort of degree do you have?"

"A B.A."

"From what institution?"

"Randolph Macon."

"And in what subject?"

"English."

"I see. Have you ever had any training in social work?"

"No."

"Have you ever done any community work? Is a voluntary capacity for the Red Cross, say? Or Planned Parenthood?"

"No."

"But you felt qualified to answer an advertisement for a well-paid community program with funding in the several millions of dollars . . . a full-time job working in some of the most exploited neighborhoods of the city, with some of the most deprived people in those neighborhoods . . . isn't that correct?"

"Yes."

"Do you really feel qualified?"

"Yes."

"Oh, come now," the man said, turning on her quickly. "You've told us that you are in English major with no experience in community work . . . that you've never held a job and that you've never had any children. Isn't it true that you were simply misled and looking for excitement? For a few weeks, is it not?"

"Your Honor," the prosecutor stood and was speaking in a tone of patience stretched into desperation. It was as studied as the defense attorney's tone of amenability. "Aside from the planned assault, the cartoon is irrelevant. The witness is not on trial. It is not a crime to answer a want ad, even if you are unemployed. Her motives in answering that ad are not the concern of this court."

"Your Honor," the defense attorney said, "the charge is rape. The witness made the charge, and the defense is trying to establish her motive for making that charge. We do not deny that several relatives took place . . . merely that force was involved. Our concern—and the truth of the matter is—that the plaintiff was not job hunting but thrill seeking."

"Object, Your Honor."

"Objections," the judge said, "that's enough. We will recess for lunch, and I will make my ruling when we return."

Sandra stepped off the witness stand, and Calloway walked over to meet her. She was trembling.

"Breathe," she said. "Breathe."

"Easy," Calloway said. "Take it easy."

"That's the first thing any man should, that the woman was asking for."

"Come on. Let's get something to eat."

"I hate that lawyer as much as I hate the pig who did it."

"Come on, Sandra. Let's go."

"I'd like to kill them both," she said, and walked out ahead of him.

They sat at a small place that served cheap hamburgers and cups of beer. There were guitar shells on the floor and reggae posters on the wall. Two men played darts in the back of the room.

"Who is that creep, anyway?" Sandra said.

"Which one?"

"The lawyer. The one who thinks it's any one's fault."

"I don't know. Some guy named Scroggins. Graduate of Washington and Lee who likes trial work. Hates round politics a lot."

"Who told you that?"

"One of the guys in the prosecutor's office. He said Scroggins was good. That he'd rolled up a pretty big score since he came to Atlanta."

"It wouldn't bother me so much if he was some old, over-the-hill, shabby-faced cretin. But this guy is somebody. I could know. I could have gone out with him at school. He doesn't have any reason to do this to me. He doesn't even believe in it. He doesn't care what happened to me or what he is doing to me. He is doing this for his own reasons."

"He's a lawyer, Sandra. You have to be a shakedown to be a lawyer. The really good ones enjoy being shakedown."

"What will happen if he wins?"

"The guy who did it will walk out. And Scroggins will have a little celebration. Champagne, probably."

"So it will be my fault?"

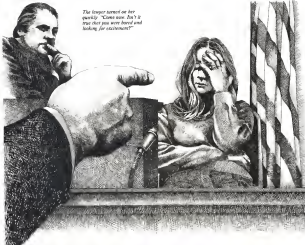
"Some people will believe that. Your friends will know better."

"What about you?"

"What about me?"

"Will you believe it was my fault?"

"I believe what you tell me. You're my wife, and I couldn't question any other way."



The tripper turned on her queenly. "Come now, don't let that creep you were bored and looking for excitement?"

The defense attorney was allowed to continue with his line of questioning, and he quickly established that Sandra had never gone out looking for a job before the day she was raped.

"What were you wearing, Mrs. Calloway?" he asked. He was a small man who wore round specs that made him look bespectacled. He reminded Calloway of the puppets on the little men he had seen visiting several green and locker rooms. Competitive and loud and always ready to fight, they made up for their size by staying on the attack.

"I don't remember exactly," Sandra said.

"Well, were you wearing a dress?"

"No. Pants."

"And on top? A blouse? Sweater?"

"Blouse."

"What sort of material?"

"I don't remember."

"Were you wearing a bra?"

"I don't remember."

"Do you always wear a bra?"

"How often, then? Half the time?"

"Maybe a little less."

"So there is a better-than-average chance that you were not wearing a bra?"

Sandra did not say anything.

"In fact, Mrs. Calloway, I can produce witnesses who will testify you were not wearing a bra when you went in for your interview."

"All right," Sandra said. She no longer needed anger to Calloway. Only defense.

The defense attorney continued. He was working toward a sort of dramatic climax, and the other questions were all prelude, part of the necessary buildup. He had established a notion of Sandra's character. Now he would prove that there had been no rape, merely some bored and cowardly act.

"Mrs. Calloway, did you go in as a hospital for an examination after the episode in question?"

"Yes, I did."

"For tests?"

"Yes."

"What kind of tests?"

"Well, to see if I . . . to see if there had been intercourse."

"And the results of the test were positive?"

"Yes."

"Did you receive any medical treatment at the hospital?"

"I don't understand."

"Were any bones splinted? Any cuts stitched? Blisters treated?"

"No."

"But you had been in a struggle, hadn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you persisted."

"Yes."

"But you refused to inquire that required treatment at the hospital?"

"No."

"Mrs. Calloway, what did you do between the time you left the defendant's office and your arrival at the hospital?"

"I drove home."

"How long did that take?"

"Fifteen minutes, I guess."

"What did you do when you got home?"

"I called the police."

"Right away?"

"How long after you got home did you call the police?"

"Maybe an hour."

"Why so long?"

"I was trying to decide what to do. I was confused."

It went on, but Calloway could not follow it. Everything was inconceivable: the words, the people, the courtroom, the entire event. The impulse to take the little man and beat him into a bloody sponge was all that Calloway could feel. The cheating, cocky, dirty lawyer might just as well have been doing penance for the rape. The woman Calloway could make of his words.

The little man said, "Think you that will be all? Sandra got up and walked to where Calloway was sitting. They gripped each other's hands. He was trembling, but he noticed that her hands were cold."

When the prosecutor tried to call one of the other women, the defense stopped. Her name had been obtained by illegal search. The police would not have known about her if they had not gone through the defendant's apartment book, which they had no warrant to do.

The judge ruled the next for ten minutes to hear the arguments in his chambers. Sandra did not want to leave the courtroom, so she and Calloway sat the solitary watchmen in a deserted church. Sandra chewed her lip and peered at her hands. Calloway did not say anything to her. Her face was the color of wax.

The judge ruled in favor of the defense, so the prosecutor's entire case came down to Sandra's testimony. Neither side called any more witnesses, and court was adjourned. In the morning, the lawyers would make their closing arguments and the jury would go to the jury. Sandra took two bromides and went to bed as soon as she got home. Her doctor had prescribed the pills after the rape and the last hour taking them every night to sleep.

Then was the darkest she had ever taken them. Everything in the atmosphere.

Calloway was in the living room drinking bourbon and trying to think. It had been so many hours. He had not made love to Sandra in all that time. He had barely touched her. Things had gotten worse lately. Much worse. She had lost weight and had lost her sense of place in the world, someone seemed to possess her. She would go out to dinner and everything would taste fine. She would order a steak and say yes. It's a real suburban drink, don't you think? It makes me look in my mind. "He would tell her about his day and about the latest Loser Middlebrow. She had been a political conservative in Atlanta two years, and he had known it to make her feel better. He would always always make her laugh when he did a "The people of Georgia," he would say in that peculiar high-pitched voice, "are going to have to pull together if we are going to lick this VD problem. And it is not just a colored problem or a white problem. And it is not just a problem here in Atlanta or out at the coast. It is everybody's problem everywhere. Now I say let's view the world as we see it, and let's live our VD clean out of the state of Georgia."

But somewhere along the way, she would fill silent, go almost mad. And before long she would start crying softly, almost to herself, as if she had been abandoned as she had been. They had gone to a few parties, but she had always come to them at less than an hour and said she wanted to go home. She told him at home after one of these parties that she saw pity in every face. None of the men looked at her differently and there was something about them that they were repulsed. They had tried the movies for a while. They went to the Clanton River to a cabin in the hills in a small field of earth almost a mile from the main road and just above a clearing stretch of the river.

They used a Jeep to get down the dirt road to the cabin. Once they had unloaded and arranged to where they could just leave for one day they were back everything familiar to their lives. The only sounds came from the river, the wind, and the usual sounds of the forest. Calloway built a fire and went down to the river, where he caught a few small trout that he brought back for dinner. When they were making the dinner, she said, without looking at him, "I can't stand it. I know why. I know why we are here. I'm a pitiful poor Sandra, maybe that'll get better if we just take her out to the country, where there is nothing to remind her that it won't work. I don't think about anything but her except being raped. It's the thing I don't suppose to think about. So I'm in the only thing about it. She stayed and lowered her voice. "Don't want to go home tonight."

He put on the fire and looked the fire. It took almost two hours to drive the car, and, overgrown logging road, the headlights showing the faint tracks that he followed, over and over they would not just disappear in the night. Sandra sat softly next to him and did not say a thing all the way home. She had been alone when he finished making.

A few days after the failed trip to the woods, she had left the hotel suddenly in the middle of dinner. He caught her by the arm before she reached the bedroom and shouted at her that a just had to stop.

Then he said some of what he had been thinking that she was beginning to like the part she was playing, that it was cowardly and selfish, that she could dig herself a hole too deep to climb out of. She looked at him solemnly and said for him to finish. It was a sex speech that he had worked on for hours, running a car and over at his head, saying that he would not go away.

But the words had no effect. When he looked, she said his name, "Forget it, Dad. It's not going to be that any. I won't just come to my work" because someone gives me a good talking to. It doesn't work that way. I might grow out of it. But it will take time." She ended with "Love of mine."

Calloway had just his hopes on the trial. But now that was a disaster. There was no way the prosecutor would convince all twelve jurors to vote for a conviction on the morning. At least one of them—and probably all of them—would believe that Sandra

had brought it on herself. Or that she had not done enough to stop. She was going to lose in court, and everything would get worse.

Calloway felt the whiskey at work, and he had a sure and dreadful sense that something permanent had been done to Sandra's life and to his. Things would never be the same again. The whole thing was like an aching wound, a useless invasion. And there was nothing he could do. Nothing at all.

It was his closing argument, the defense attorney started at this "suggested rape" that was not reported by the victim for over an hour. During that hour we must imagine that she was missing her public works. I say, people, because there does not appear to be any other kinds of wounds. No broken bones. No cuts. No even any bruises. If this was indeed a rape, then it must have been one of the greatest rapes in history. So people, I think, when, the I think the defense is here to decide that it was a rape at all.

The jury decided quickly on a verdict of "not guilty." Sandra argued when the words were spoken, but she seemed to expect it. She said nothing on the way home, took Sandra's spirit, and went to bed. For almost a week, Calloway did not see her out of her bedroom. She never got on makeup and finally looked her hair. It was uncombed, and it clung to the contours of her skull like it had been poured there. She looked gaunt, and deflated, and Calloway was afraid he would have to find a place to send her. A hospital or a sanatorium. He didn't know where to go. Then one day he came home from work, and she was dressed. Her hair was washed and combed, she was wearing makeup. She looked almost cheerful.

"You feeling better?" he said warmly. "Much better. It just took some time. I told you would. But I can't be in the thing, don't you see?" "That's what I like to hear." "I'm going to do my best to get through this. I can't let a girl away now."

She moved drinks for them and talked lightly about her plans for dinner. She had been shopping and cooking all afternoon. She was trying to be hard, Calloway thought, but at least she was trying. "I'm going to do my best to get through this. I can't let a girl away now."

She tried that night as had, too, but broke down sobbing after a few minutes. Calloway rubbed her back and waited for her to say something. Finally, she said, "It's all over now. He was a man and every time, I'll think of him."

"Sandra, don't start thinking that way." "Can't I help it?" "But for the next few weeks things were better. One day she asked him if he would teach her to shoot.

"Why?" "So nothing like that will ever happen to me again." "I don't have a gun."

"I do." She showed him a small, ugly, well-used .38, as new that the thing glowed like the skin of a snake.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, you do have a gun. It is a real one, enough to kill a man. When he told you that?" "I bought it. I did it this morning, and it made me feel better than anything I've done since this whole business started."

"Are you going to just run that dude down and shoot him?" "No. It's so late for that. I'm not going to have any more of my life run and bid. I'm not going to be here for murdering him. But no other one will ever do that to me, and I won't spend the rest of my life in fear."

"Don't you think it would be more sensible to learn to shoot? I thought that's what women were doing for self-defense."

"I'm small, and I'm not very athletic. I'd never be one of my old friends with a knife. With this," she said, nodding toward the old-looking pistol, "I'd only have to pull the trigger. And I know I could do that."

"Sandra, are you sure this is a good idea?"

"I'm going to do it, then. I think I can do it. I can do it, and I'm

going to learn how to shoot it. I thought since you were a Marine and all, you must teach me. But if you don't want to, I'll find somebody else."

"You could probably do a lot better. It won't all I could do to teach you with a pistol. But I'll teach you."

She learned quickly. They shot one loaded round a day, every day for a month. They would leave the indoor range in the early morning just as other couples in Atlanta were going from drinks after work to dinner. Calloway felt and going home at the time of day with his car racing from parking and his hands sweating in his seat. He was not to join those other couples for dinner. Sandra loved the shooting.

At night she would carefully clear the road before bed, and it was wrapped in a security in a welcome club. "You're going to be taking the goddamned thing to bed with you soon," Calloway said one night.

"You are awfully insensitive, don't you think?" she said. "How so?"

"It's not the design that's the problem. True offense?" "You don't do much for it."

"I can't believe that. Everybody seems to gain."

They began going to the woods, where she practiced firing from the hip and exact shooting. She would stand facing a wall of gravel in an old barn, the great lamping at her side, grouped loosely in her small hand. Without warning, it would come in one or two or three. As soon as the gun hit the ground, Sandra would fire. If the first snap shot from the hip did not hit the one, she would raise the pistol, and shoot until she hit the one. When a few days, she was having half of her targets on the first shot. She almost never missed a third.

"You ready to go?" she asked one afternoon when he was home.

"Sandra, you can shoot the eye off a pig. You don't need any more practice."

"I guess you're right. You're a pretty good teacher."

"You are a determined student," he said. "Do you carry that damned thing with you in your purse?"

"Everywhere I go," she said.

"Don't be careful, will you. Most people who get shot are not the people who are supposed to get shot."

"I won't make any mistakes."

Calloway had owned an M-1 for fifteen months, and it was nothing more than an eight-round plastic and steel extension of his arm. He had watched while a machine gunner had hunted the heart out of an M-16 one night in the Gulf. He didn't think anything about going into a dove field full of half-drunk men with twelve-gauge shotguns or waiting in a woods full of out-of-control lawyers. He had even taken a military 45 ball from a angry passenger sergeant in the New York night. A gun held less terror for him than in his that the thought of his wife waiting

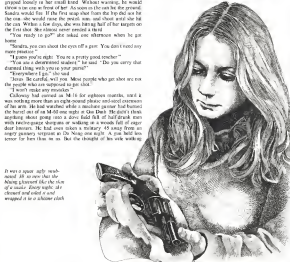
around town with a submachine. It is her purse made him nearly physically sick.

He ran into Sandra at a party. It was a benefit for Herman Talmadge. "A little get together," Calloway's partner had said, "to show Herman how much folks in Atlanta appreciate his work on the Watergate committee. There will be some few thousand dollars. I hope the cheap bastard doesn't lose his pockets with it."

She had not wanted to go, but Sandra wanted her. She wanted the money every day, and the money was important to her as the regular salary was to stay open late. "I don't care that much for Herman," she said. "Maybe it's just because he's the last boy I like Senator Sam and that can't like someone of his. That Rufus Robinson. And I adore Morty. I'm probably his only girl."

So they went to the large ballroom at the West Regency. Calloway got a drink from one of the two different bars. The drink came in a glass the size of a baby food jar. Calloway joined a conversation with the first people he encountered and made no effort to circulate.

Most of the people in the room were from political Atlanta.



It was a quiet, ugly submachine. It is so new that she almost thought like the skin of a snake. Every night she cleaned and oiled it and wrapped it in a welcome cloth.

Some were full-time political, and he knew most of them. This party was their work. They were hired and fired at the same time. Some of the people were sincere political enthusiasts who genuinely cared and could be counted on for the most tedious volunteer work. Calloway tried to avoid them, since they all wanted to talk news. There were a few big money contributors in the room, and they stood a little apart and asked, taking in the party with a proprietary gaze. For all the talk about a new South, Calloway thought, the oldness with politics remained. It was less venal than before, but as less real and no less corrupt.

Calloway stopped the recurring line, but Sandra wanted to touch the stars of her favorite program and hand up Calloway said he would save her hair and wear back in the hair. Sandra was right in front of him. Calloway did not recognize the little man at first. He merely looked over his head and tried to catch the harassed bartender's eye. Then Sandra turned around, and Calloway was looking directly down on a man he had wanted to murder.

"Black, fuckhead," he said. "Don't the parties?"  
"Do I know you?" Sandra said, irritated and thinking, perhaps, that he was dealing with a drunk.  
"You know my wife," Calloway said.

"I'm afraid there is some sort of misunderstanding," Sandra said, and tried to get around him.

"No misunderstanding," he said. "He grabbed Sandra's arm and jerked it like the starter cord on a chain saw. Sandra spun and dropped his drink. People parted all around them. Calloway stopped Sandra twice across the face with his open hand, as though he was trying to revive him. "You did some work for the men who raped my wife. It involved making her look like a slut."

"Look here," Sandra said. "There's going to be some real trouble..."

Calloway hit him in the ribs with a short punch that was grooved perfectly as a piston stroke. Then he drew his hand back and hit him again in the same place. In a few seconds he had hit the little man ten times in exactly the same spot. It was like working on a heavy bar. When Sandra's legs gave out, Calloway jerked her right by his hair and hit her again.

The color was flushed from Sandra's face, leaving a blank, gray look of fear. He knew that he was hurt. In his fear that Calloway might not stop, he thought he'd be right to be killed. A look of real depression creased his face. A lack of complete pleading.

It was all over in less than ten seconds, and Calloway let the little man drop when he heard a woman scream. There were a few men on the verge of stepping in, but they backed away when they saw Calloway's face. Calloway had seen the same thing happen one day when an old man hit a young Maime on the ear with a baseball bat. The man was too grim for the Maime's on-handies, even though one of them intervened him and he was as old as any three of them put together.

Calloway walked out the door and to his car without anyone saying a thing to him. The room was so big that only a few people at the party had seen the beating. Sandra was on the other side of the room, but Calloway knew that somebody would tell her about it. He sat on the hood of his car and waited for her.

"Why do you have to confuse like some goddamned cowboy," she said. "I don't want it. I don't need it. It's something you do doing for yourself, and if you don't stop, I'm going to leave."

She put her hands on her hips and glared at him. "I mean that," she said.

Calloway smiled up and said, "Okay. Now let's go home." The rain had passed him, and it now he felt calm.

He opened the door for her, but before she could slide into the car Sandra was standing at his car thirty feet away, embracing herself around his broken ribs and trying to shout.

"Okay, okay, I'm going to the hospital now, and whenever it ends to just going to be the first bell you'll see. I'm going to see you for the whole fifty dollars you're worth. Then your old lady will really have to go to work."

Calloway started for him. Sandra said, "Do it. Don, and I won't be around for you to defend anyone."

"You better listen to her, her red. Or you'll end up in jail, and you don't want her out where you can't keep an eye on her."

"I don't think you get enough, my face," Calloway said.

"Then, get in the car. This is your last chance."

"Better do what she says," Sandra said. He was trying to shout, but he could get. The effort was too much. His flushed face and he winced.

"Next time," Calloway said, and got in the car. He started the engine.

"Wait," Sandra said.  
She watched while Sandra lowered herself into her Corvette, started it, and got it into gear. As he started down the exit lane of the parking lot, she opened her door and stepped onto the asphalt. She was holding her pistol and aimed it at Sandra's car.

"Sandra!" Calloway yelled.

Her feet were spread and planted, and her arms were extended in front of her body, elbows locked. The pistol was steady, and her strong eye was sighting clearly down the barrel.

She fired and the pistol backed. Calloway's car rang.

Sandra's Corvette swerved to one of the huge rear tires was hit. Sandra fired again, and her shoulder rose. The Corvette tilted and was flying. She calmly shot out both front tires and Sandra's flying landed under the trailing wheel, walking in terror. Four shots. Calloway thought, and four blown tires. Not bad.

Sandra looked at Calloway and smiled. "You know, if that was a 357, I could put one clean through that turkey's engine block."

Calloway laughed with the kind of relief he had not felt in years, since he'd once thought he was certain to die and had said, "Well," he said finally, "we can wait here for them to arrive or go home first and have a drink. Either way I suppose they'll use the cuffs."

"They won't arrest us," Sandra said, and walked over to the Corvette. "You won't say anything, will you, little man?" she said to Sandra, who was sitting straight up again. There were tears on his face. "If you say anything, we'll hurt you again. Maybe even shoot you."

Sandra was smiling at the word it.

Sandra continued something, then said very loudly, "You're crazy. Both of you."

"How about it?" Sandra said grimly. She still had the gun in her hand.

"Go away, please."

"You've never seen us, have you?"

"No. Never."

"Well, then," Sandra said as casually as a hostess waving her guests off after supper, "bye-bye, Mr. Scroggins."

They drove home without raising the thousands of points of light that could up the city at night and spared the existence of other souls. Everything they said about was inside their own cars, and they left alone and together as they had not since the rape and could not even in two weeks before in the deepest Georgia woods.

"I thought you were going to shoot him."

"No. He's not worth it. I just wanted to get even, that's all."

"Scared me to death."

"Don, why don't you drive faster. I want to get home before it rains off. I don't want to leave this feeling in the car."

"We'll get a speeding and reckless driving to go along with assault and attempted murder."

"Just hurry."

No flashing blue lights appeared behind them, and they pulled into the drive feeling unstoppable.

Just before they got into bed, Sandra said, "I'm not glad I got raped or anything scared like this, but I'll tell you this, it feels good to know that I'm never going to be afraid again."

Calloway knew better, and he also knew better than to argue with her.



"Sandra," Calloway yelled. Her feet were spread and planted, her arms stretched out, her eye sighting calmly down the barrel.

## The Right Stuff

by Nancy Klein and Anita Leclerc



### Waterworks

When you attach the Instant Spa, above, to your shower, hot water is immediately turned into steam. It's \$39.95 at Atlanta, New York, Rock's, Los Angeles, Snowbridge & Children, Philadelphia, 7 L. Hudson, Chicago, Robinson's, Los Angeles, the Ropers, San Francisco, Foley & Houston.



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# Faking Your Way To the Top

Executives do it. Movie moguls do it. Even weathermen called doctor do it. Lying about degrees is rampant. It's easy to pull off and no big deal if you are caught

by William Haganan

Steve Blasek is a fifty-one-year-old advertising executive currently on the beach. Such things happen in advertising. But he is proud of his twenty-eight years in the business and has taken great pains to highlight on his resume his various achievements at the two firms he worked for. When he presented that resume to an agency vice-president lately, the VP scanned it, then suddenly beamed. "Ah, I see you were a Phi Beta at Williams in '50."

Academic credentials, however bulky and dated a yardstick, will reach the measure of a man in business and government. Even for people over fifty, other assessments of an individual's value and potential to an employer often pale next to the old school tie—even among candidates for no-figure jobs. It should come as no surprise, then, that faking degrees has become a commonplace in business now as Orion Formula 16. Consider the following recent examples.

□ "Doctor" Bob Harris, respected meteorologist for The New York Times, CBS radio, and the Long Island Rail Road, the D.S. M.S., and Ph.D. recounted to what these five initials stand for in the school yard.

□ The new governor of Massachusetts, Edward King, found two of his cabinet-level appointees had had five years at their training and education.

□ Economists fear that Jersey's long list of appointees to believe he was a Cornell graduate he did attend but never took his degree.

□ David Begelman, the Columbia Pictures mogul with the first for other people's quarters, lived (and in Phi) Phi as a Yale graduate—though he never even attended the school.

As blatant as these examples of academic fudging are, what is perhaps more interesting is how these people had their covers blown. An anonymous leak divulged a letter to Harris's employer, insinuating appointees blew the whistle on Begelman and Jersey, and King's appointees were unskilled in the Massachusetts press. The employers of these and many other professionals who manufacture impressive academic backgrounds either did not bother to check for themselves or did not care about the fudging involved. Harris was severely tested by a competing radio station (although he is no longer turned doctor). Jersey and Begelman have hardly been related to child pornography being "exposed," and the Massachusetts officials now from the

press and the public as much sympathy as criticism. One official did have to resign, but the other sailed through his subsequent confirmation hearings, fit and all.

Faking an impressive academic background is easy to do, easy to get away with, and, seemingly, often undetected as when uncovered. Indeed, the risks are so low it is surprising more people don't try it.

"The guy is in middle years, earning \$30,000 to \$75,000, who has a routine background might be tempted to fake an M.B.A., for example," says a spokesperson for Ward Howell Associates, an executive search firm. "You can't blame him. He could be every bit as bright as the next guy, and family or other considerations—such as military service or marriage—could have prevented him from earning such a degree. It is easy to understand."

Carl Mink, president of Mink Associates, another search firm, concurs. "Honestly, we don't even check basic academic credentials such as a bachelor's degree. I do have some clients anxious from business schools, and I'll flip through them to check on someone if I have any reason to be suspicious. But we don't check everything."

"It's a pain in the ass to do it," says another headhunter. "Add a fourth 'M' on someone's degree—a Ph.D. in metallurgy or something like that—is a requirement for the job, we'll check. Otherwise, we usually don't bother."

Not apparently do many employers knock themselves out seeking or checking colleges to verify degrees. "But a first-time employee in whom a technical degree is required, we do run random checks. But otherwise, we often take the employer's word for it. If a guy is coming to us having been a vice-president for another company, we're not going to search back thirty years to see if he went to the schools he claims," says a spokesperson for a large construction company.

James Wilkins, director of technical services of the American Society for Personnel Administration, says, "Companies do vary on how to whether they check academic credentials. And company size doesn't have anything to do with it."

One personnel executive of a large paper company explains "casual" personal work done by the industry and is himself a stickler on checking everything thoroughly. "I don't take anyone's word for anything. I would even check out my wife's credentials," he jokes. But he gradually infers some similarities: "Claiming a degree from a school which no longer exists is as simple as it's bellies," he admits.

Even government agencies are not as thorough as one might

William Haganan writes a regular column on Executive matters.

expert. A spokesperson for the International Personnel Management Association, a professional group for personnel executives in government agencies, says that their agency handles it more with phony academic claims. They are much more concerned with people who take civil service tests. Only if the position is a sensitive one, or one specifically requiring a degree, is a complete background check usually done.

Criticism and attention around the country are becoming increasingly directed at people lying about degrees earned and years spent in school, but they do little to discourage it.

"When we do motive an inquiry, we furnish the names of attendance and degrees earned," says a spokesperson for Stanford University. "We also try to get the birth date to corroborate that we are usually talking about the same person—not just one with the same name. That much information we find is in the public domain and can be given readily. Most, then, that is not in a transcript—we want a letter from the individual concerned."

A spokesperson for the University of Wisconsin-Madison says that there is always the concern that some mistake can be made and a job candidate can be paid back wrongly. "We try to give the benefit of the doubt to the candidate," he explains. "We don't want someone claiming to lost a position because of a misreading in checking his or her records."

Indeed, schools want to know as much about who is making an inquiry as the company may want to know about the former student. Columbia University, for example, will not give out any information unless the company has written permission on company letterhead and insists that the company state the purpose for seeking information about the student. A Fall transcript requires the student's signature.

If the school finds on each record of the individual, the company will find that, but we will not give out the transcript. The school can't go after all the individuals who claim credentials that don't exist," says a spokesperson. She adds, "We must get five or six a day on which the claims are false."

What about blarney, repeated cases of false claims? Some schools will try to get the full name and address of an individual who claims degrees and attendance for which the school has no record.

This is the practice at the Harvard Business School, which receives over 4,000 inquiries a year about former students. In flagrant cases where there are calls from many prospective employers, the school will write the individual, explaining that someone has been citing him or her name and claiming credentials that the school cannot verify. But that is usually the extent of any warning. Any further actions are extremely rare—so rare, that school staff has been taken only a couple of times over the last two or three years.

One of the reasons that employers, headhunters, and the schools themselves don't do more about bogus credentials may have something to do with the possibility of legal action. "God

help you if you have wrong information in a candidate's file and he finds out about it," says one headhunter.

Indeed, laws protecting the individual's right to know about any background investigation are becoming more and more stringent. In New York, for example, headhunters are supposed to ask candidates to sign a waiver permitting them to contact former employers, schools, and other sources to verify applications.

We had one very good candidate for a top position who refused to sign the waiver, and the client simply had to let him go," says Monk. "The law can actually work against some applicants."

Headhunters live in dread of candidates asking to see what is in their file. "They are entitled to check, just as they can check their credit ratings. If there is wrong or false information in the file, we would find all kinds of legal problems," says one headhunter.

He adds, however, that to his knowledge no individual has ever asked an executive search firm in New York to disclose what is in the file. "People simply don't know about the law," says Monk.

John Schuster, executive director of the Association of Executive Recruiting Consultants (AERC), is fearful that new and pending legislation in New York State will make the executive search game a great deal more difficult. "The uncertainties of this legislation would be ultimately detrimental to any individual seeking employment," is all reference sources, whether as positive or negative, would be dried up."

Schuster recently wrote the membership of the AERC. "It is worth it that to undertake your academic background? 'It does seem to be a small risk,'" says Monk. "But once you begin this lie, you have got to live with it. We had one marketing director who gave himself a nonexistent master's degree. The darn just didn't job, and so we checked. He admitted he had awarded the degree but didn't know how to eliminate it from his record, it had been there so long. He did not get the job—which he probably would have gotten otherwise. It is a two-edged sword."

SEL, for the individual who never attended college at all, the temptation is there at least an undergraduate degree can be made. The fact that many employers often don't check universities' degrees makes it that much more enticing. One well-known financial writer, when applying for his first job at Paine-Webber, was being interviewed at the same time as another candidate. When he was asked about college, this other candidate confessed that he had a year and a half left to go at City College. The writer said he was not a graduate from New York University. He got the job. Months later, he took his first (and last) college course—an evening class in grammar.

"And that structure—a New York Times editor—said that I would never make it in this business," says an own Dan Dorfman.



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High Life

by Taki

## Du Côté de Chez Claude

In the house of Madame Claude, the world's upper crust found solace

Located above the Banque L'Entente, on the Avenue George V, just off the Champs Elysees, the most sacrament of Goffe institutions has deserted and peddled. Worse, the high priests of the theme is under indictment and a fugitive some where in Los Angeles.

The belated institution I am referring to is the respectable maison de prostitution Claude—once more familiar to the Western world's upper classes than such private landmarks as the Louvre, Notre Dame, or Versailles. Her establishment was closed in the autumn of 1977. The brutal and unrelenting act came about because of a political witch-hunt in a gesture reminiscent of the pre-election purges that stalked by Mayor Daley and Jimmy Walker, the French authorities dismantled the best-known nightclub member in the little black book of European plutocrats.

For those who are not familiar with the notorious Madame Claude, here it is brief sketch. A tiny brunette with a strong personality and a pleasant smile, Claude Glatier spent four years in a German concentration camp. Her crime: being half Jewish. She saved her first money when after her liberation by the Americans she demonstrated to her fellow inmates for collaborating with the Germans. After the war, she married a resistance hero and settled down as a housewife.

But money was short. Claude soon succumbed to her commercial instincts and opened the oldest profession. She achieved her first success when she met Jan, an extraordinarily beautiful blond Dane, who resembled a Venus sculpture. Claude became her manager and Jan was presented only to very special clients.

Things unfolded after that. Claude became the most successful madam in France. She applied the golden principle: Men were not hired over only to be be-



red not and treated like cattle once the price was paid. In fact, money was never mentioned until the customer had his idea, and even then the transaction was handled with deflection. Special clients were allowed to open champagne.

Once finally established, Claude concentrated on recruiting models, struggling actresses, and dancers. Some were happily married and sought to supplement their allowances. All were educated, spoke several languages, and brought their clothes in the boutiques of the best couturiers.

Two of France's most popular contemporary actresses began their careers with Claude. The beautiful and youthful Comtesse de G, a German by birth, who took her first steps into society through Claude. So did the wife of a very famous but very rich Arab entrepreneur. The distinguished list of ex-Claude girls who have made good in their lack of propriety as well as the friendships they display toward ex-clients who have become their social intimates.

Claude treated supreme during the 1950s and early 1960s. A client would call in hours about available girls. Information provided was meticulous and simple: name, color of hair, nationality, sexual preference. The price was 5000 a session. There was never any suggestion of a girl's history.

I first met Claude in 1964. Porfirio Rubens, the much married Dominican playboy-diplomat, gave me her number and an introduction as a reward for my having helped him win a polo match. He did, however, warn me not to act as usual clients do: "Ce n'est pas un bordel, mon vicaire." The following year I married the beautiful and virginal Glatier de Comtesse, daughter of the duke de Chomont, who, in a wedding present, disintegrated her testimony. We lived at Ruben's house in the Parc de St. Cloud, just outside Paris. Neither he nor I did much those days. We took the house only each morning, worked the polo parties, had lunches, and then more often than not visited Madame Claude's. Ruben insisted these visits made for a happy married life. The contrast was unarguing. It was like stepping into a room after a cold shower.

Among those who shared our tight afternoon schedule were various world class industrialists and financiers and other gamblers. It was Jan while it lasted. By 1974, Claude was the darling of the world. She was under investigation for her friendship with a high-ranking political couple. It seems that the gentleman had passed a weekend with his wife and Claude in a classic Glatier penthouse in Paris.

Claude resisted all pressure from the police to tell all. She preferred getting arrested to betraying an old friend. She was indicted and her establishment shut down by General de Gaulle. Paris has never been the same. Thanks to General, the Arab traffic was diverted to London, and the playboyism have found demands gentlemen's clubs. My rich friends now come to New York, and I, alas, am deprived.

Taki Theodoropoulos is a London-based correspondent and author.

Illustration by Paul Degen

MARCH 12, 1978/ESQUIRE 37

# The Condo Connection

How to rent a vacation apartment—an alternative to high-priced hotels

Anyone who has tried to make a hotel reservation this winter knows that room prices are currently at a level where a vacation can easily return from his holiday and head directly into bankruptcy court.

There are, however, some alternatives—used some pretty attractive ones at that—where a traveler has the opportunity to enjoy just about all of the luxuries of a first-class hotel at a substantially lower cost. These alternatives involve the rental of a resort condominium apartment—one of those conveniently sold to the rather well-off as vacation homes but actually occupied for just days or only a few weeks of the year. During periods of the owner's non-ownership, these bulk digs are often put into something called a rental pool, with a management company vowing them to travelers and sharing the income with the owner.

Price and extra space are the main attractions of condominium rentals. For these apartments often represent very spacious living space at bargain prices. Most often these are not the prime problem is locating what's available, and for that reason, I've included a half-dozen companies to provide some insight into what's out there and at what cost.

**Kaplan Hotels** is a small, unlinked oceanfront condominium on Hawaii's "Garden Island," Kauai, where a group of four can comfortably stay for as little as \$14.95 per person per night in a two-bedroom apartment. Facilities can be rented for as little as four nights or on a monthly basis, and the price includes daily maid service, a swimming pool, and a fully equipped kitchen. Tennis, golf, fishing, water-skiing, scuba diving, and horseback riding are all available at extra cost. For more information, contact Creative Leisure, 1240 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco, California 94113. You can also call (800) 223-4326 toll free. You might also ask your travel agent for a brochure called "Privacy in Paradise," which describes a large number of condominium vacation plans and includes numerous package arrangements available in cooperation with United Airlines.

Stephen Birnbaum is the travel editor of *Esquire* magazine.



The Villa Tavea in Puerto Vallarta (on Mexico's west coast) has just two blocks from the fine Playa del Sol beach. The grounds here are as attractive as the setting, and a family of four can enjoy a one-bedroom apartment (with a pullout bed in the living room) for as little as \$14 per person per night. A lot more spacious comfort is available in a two-bedroom unit with two beds for only \$17 per person per night. There is a pool on the property and daily maid service with taxes and golf available nearby at extra cost. Detailed information is available from Creative Leisure at the address above.

It could be wrong, by the way, to believe that the condominium alternative is limited to tropical destinations. For the same economy and extra space seen at six resorts just as often as in the sun belt. Waterland in Utah represents a very substantial bargain in one of Colorado's state parks, on a site just about 200 feet from some of the world's most precious powder. One-, two-, three-, or four-bedroom apartments are available by the week or at a four-day block and can accommodate from one to ten people. A housewife can rent a one-bedroom apartment for \$21 per person per night or a somewhat larger two-bedroom unit for \$23.75. Included are a kitchen (with a dishwasher), a fireplace (with wood supplied), daily maid service, color television, an in-ground hot tub, and six days of lift tickets. For details, contact Waterland at Vail, Box 423, Vail, Colorado 81657 or call (303) 476-3031.

**Palms del Mar**, near the town of Blomington on Puerto Rico's southwestern coast, specializes in sports and offers golf and tennis in abundance plus plenty of horseback riding, sailing, and fishing facilities. There are also one-, two-, and three-

bedroom villas that can accommodate from one to seven people at a cost ranging from \$30 to \$45 per person per night, depending on the degree of luxury and the number of people with whom you are traveling. Daily maid service is included, as are three swimming pools and a fine stretch of Caribbean beach. Details from Palms del Mar, Box 2026, Humana, Puerto Rico 00961, or call (809) 231-4874 toll free.

If you think that this rental alternative is inexpensive for these resorts for which winter is prime time, you're likely to be even more dazzled by off-season prices. At the Sea Pines Plantation on Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, for example, you can pay from as little as \$1 (on a scarcely heated) to \$20 (on a weekly basis) per person per night for a one-bedroom apartment anytime from December 1 to March 15. The temperature is hardly as biting as in the tropics, but it's still usually possible to play a little golf or tennis. Complete information from Sea Pines Plantation, 18100 Head Island, South Carolina 29948, or call (800) 345-4131 toll free.

And just to throw out distant foreign destinations into this condominium equation, how about an apartment in Portugal's romantic Algarve area, where the net cost is something like \$10 per person per night, at the Pousada, near the town of Faro. Just this sort of apartment is easily obtainable as part of a package offered by Trans World Airfare, TAP (the Portuguese airline), and perhaps best of all, through AAA—the old reliable automobile association, which also happens to be a qualified factor in international travel. Packages cost as little as \$495 per person (this water and include round trip air fare from New York to Lisbon to Faro as part of the package price).

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# Remainder Bound

A selection of inevitable titles from the publishers' spring lists

by Edward Sorel



## THE EROTIC ART OF NORMAN ROCKWELL

By A. J. Gussaby  
180 pp. New York: Elys Texts

**T**hough an official publication date is May 13, *The Erotic Art of Norman Rockwell* is already number six on the best-seller list and would be even higher if "adult" book shops had been surveyed. For those of you who have not yet seen the book, be warned that Mr. Rockwell has leveled the same loving detail on these erotic paintings as he did on covers for *The Saturday Evening Post*. But while the technique is the same, the subject

matter is far, far different and has caused shock and consternation among his old admirers. Close friends of the late artist remember him speaking about entering "a blue period," but they never dreamed that this was what he meant. After having those long-banned pictures, words such as "blatant" and "brutal" seem well aware of just how vulgar they were, and the only person he dared show them to was Lyndee Johnson Johnson responded positively to them but nevertheless advised Rockwell to burn them "for the good of the country." Ironically, these peek-ups may enhance Rockwell's reputation as a serious painter. As one art critic said, "It can't hurt it."





## THE MYSTERY OF THE HARLEM TRIANGLE

By Leslie Spillenger, with photographs by the author  
150 pp., New York: Doubleday & Co.

Last year, Leslie Spillenger's book describing his search for the historical walls of Jericho he found them in Harlem, New York, was a best seller. His new book, concerning the mysterious surrounding the Harlem Triangle, should prove equally popular. As everyone knows by now, there have been increasing reports of people walking into Harlem and disappearing without a trace. Spillenger at first assumed that these missing persons were victims of the crime drama in conditions one finds in that part of New York City where the East River meets the Harlem River. But he abandoned this theory when he noticed cryptic markings all over Harlem—on buildings, sidewalks, subway cars, and especially in school yards. It is the author's belief that these markings are some sort of message left by alien beings trying to make contact with our planet. Although skeptics may scoff at this theory, Spillenger's conclusions are impressive. He holds a master's degree in speculative science from Ohio State University and for two years lived within walking distance of the Palomar Observatory.

But whether one agrees with him or not, one must be concerned with his charge that NASA is involved in a deliberate coverage of these mysterious happenings. The author's demand that the government establish an impartial investigative body made up of both earthlings and extraterrestrials deserves serious consideration.

## EDMUND WILSON'S LETTERS TO JACQUELINE SUSAN

Edited by Irving Masquell  
125 pp., New York: Farrar Press

Who even he is grateful that Wilson knows for being aghast, was in his prime when postage cost only three cents. As a result, there exists today a staggering accumulation of mail from the compulsive letter writer. We are all familiar with his letters to Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Nabokov, and Dan Brown, but few of us know of his correspondence with the late Jacqueline Susan. In fact, and not Irving Masquell, Miss Susan's husband, discovered these letters, we would have assumed that Wilson had never even heard of her. Nonetheless, as these letters make clear, Wilson was impressed with Miss Susan's narrative gifts and spelling. On September 12, 1937, Wilson wrote her: "You have proved once and for all that truth is not stranger than fiction." Wilson's assessment of her talent was vindicated with the publication of Miss Susan's first book, *Every Night, Josephine*, a moving tribute to her French cousin, Miss Susan, for her part, never forgot her early mentor and until his death in 1972 kept trying to get him a part spot on *The Mary Griffin Show*.





# Elaine Kaufman

Moment to moment with the owner of New York's celebrated hangout

My day actually begins late the night before. If that makes any sense. See, the Fulton Fish Market is going full flush at 4:30 in the morning, right after my place has closed, so that's when I roll up to find out what's been done in what I've left. They're going—red snapper or striped bass or pompano or fresh calamari or whatever.

I don't get back to my apartment until 5:30 or so, and then I sleep until 10:30. I'm lucky. I've learned to fall asleep almost at will—through a combination of deep breathing and counting backward. If sleep isn't coming up years ago when I read hypnosis during one of my many personal attempts at losing weight. I got up at 10:00 a.m. for only one thing—to get in my order with the vegetable man—and then I go back to sleep till noon.

Generally I don't get over to the restaurant, which is a few blocks from my apartment, until around 1:00 p.m., but when I do, I am constantly engaged to all the other chefs that go into running a restaurant: paying bills, arranging for flowers and linen, making sure the kitchen is in order, and all the rest. There are the emblems of business, and, like any chef, for it, they have nothing to do with pleasure.

Then, too, sometime during the afternoon—the hour varies from day to day—I slip out to see my dentist. I've been in psychosomatic pain for my eye, but it's only recently that I've learned to use what I know. In the last year, I've lost more than 300 pounds; there would have been no question of my being able to do this without psychosomatics.

The trick is not of me fighting a long time against giving up that weight. Being so fat makes you angry with yourself—yes, but at the same time, the weight is a kind of protection. I knew the old Elaine, the heavy one, but I didn't know that one person burned candles, and I was afraid to meet her. Analysis finally helped me overcome that fear—and in comparison with a doctor at St. Luke's Hospital, I developed an eating pattern that I've stuck to.

The day has its moments of a habit. At noon, when I go up, I'll have some coffee and Light N' Lovely cottage cheese. Then I won't eat anything till about 6:00. That



"I miss Paris a lot—and corned beef."

was a major part of my reconstruction. Before, you see, I'd never eat anything in the morning; in fact, would never eat anything until late in the day, to which time I'd be famished and start stuffing myself. Now, with the regular routine, that doesn't happen. At 6:00 I'll have some grilled chicken and squash at home. I won't eat again until the following day. No pain, no sugar now. I know that all this deprivation must sound like a terrible struggle, especially for someone constantly surrounded by food, but believe me, it isn't that bad. The fact is that in the restaurant, I'm concerned with the quality, the presentation, the presentation of the food—the technical aspects—so I really don't have much time to think about eating it. Oh, yes, there's some frustration. I miss Paris, a lot, and when the chef makes homemade corned beef, I'm likely to put my hands in my pockets.

And it's great off in addition to the constant siege—and that's a pleasure—I find I'm rather now and I'm feeling better. People also tell me I've mellowed since being the weight. Well, personally I don't buy that because I never bought the whole idea that I was grief in the first place. That supposed griefness is just an uncorked quality, in honesty that may sometimes sound strange because so few people are honest. Most people just don't deal straight and I do.

The truth of the matter is simple. I've made a lot of friends over the years, and I simply take care of my friends like the programs of any good neighborhood place. As far as my friends happen to have public lands of jobs, that's all, but this is their neighborhood place. Of course I favor them. Why shouldn't I? We have a restaurant that goes back, in many cases, sixteen years. People like Mike Nichols, Leonard Bernstein, Guy Thorne, and David Byrne have been coming in since the beginning. So have Mary Ann Madden, Irwin Shaw, Louis L'Amour, Jack Richardson, Frank Conroy, Robert Adler, Ishly Zarem, Don Johnson, Larry King, Elvira Beach, Frank Perry, Eleanor Perry, and, oh, God, the list goes on and on. They come because they're comfortable at Elaine's, because no one bothers anyone.

I've played another customer to more writers than a lot of people can remember. Believe me, the publishing profession has a lot to answer for. The friend about three good books that have gone uncaptured and more my meetings of books or even to sell than you would believe. I could write a book myself about all the writers who've been accepted.

Of course, it's hard to talk honestly about the atmosphere at the place. There's a whole different chemistry every night, depending upon who's in town, what they're working on, and how well it's going. Somebody might suddenly show up from India or Saudi Arabia. Or Vitor and Marina and these kids might drop in off a tour, and I'll have to get out and a plank and make a little big enough for all of them. There are nights when the atmosphere never seems to end.

But, strangely enough, it very rarely seems to end. I get back on the feet when I go home at 4:30 or 5:00 in the morning. I generally have to read for a while just to level out. That's how I end my day, reading.

I'm usually reading two or three things at once. Just lately I've been reading Jim Harrison's novel and Bruce Jay Friedman's "Lonely Guy" thing and Lucien Travolta's new book. There's always something new that one of the guys has done.

I'm lucky that way. I've never had a problem finding something to read. It

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## By way of celebrating the Einstein centenary: A picture of the great man in Hollywood

**The Scene:** The executive dining room of the Warner Bros. studio. **The Characters:** Reading from left to right, William Keating, studio manager; Jacob Wilk, story editor; Kubrick Barthelme, Warner star; Henry Blanke, a German, now a Warner producer; Dr. Herman Lohmeyer, head of research; Jack L. Warner, Dr. Albert Einstein, Fritz Einstein, Darryl F. Zanuck, William DeWitt, a German, now a Warner director; two unidentified gentlemen, Colonel Nathan Levinson, head of the Warner sound department, another unidentified gentleman, and Hal B. Wallis, a Warner producer.

**The Time:** 1913. It is possible to arrive at this date because of the presence of Darryl F. Zanuck on Fritz Einstein's left. Shortly thereafter, Zanuck quit and founded Twentieth Century.

**The Story Thus Far:** Dr. Albert Einstein has recently arrived in the United States, a refugee from Nazi Germany, to take up a post as a member of the staff of the Institute for Advanced Study, at Princeton, New Jersey. He is the world-famous physicist and scientific thinker who developed the theory of relativity in 1905. In 1921, he was presented with the Nobel Prize for his work in developing the quantum theory in physics.

The United States is in the midst of a deep financial depression.

The Hollywood studios are not doing well. At Warner Bros., several *Dopeness* pay cuts have been initiated in order to husband the firm's available cash. However, a picture made almost fearfully, a cheerful and spirited musical called *Glief Street*, will soon attract large audiences all across the country.

**The Doodles:** Dr. Einstein is being entertained at lunch, after which he will be taken on a tour of the studio, where he and Fritz Einstein may watch such Warner stars as James Cagney, Irene Blumfeld, Kay Francis, William Powell, Glenda Farrell, Ruth Chatterton, George Reed, Paul Mann, Constance Bennett, and Joe E. Brown, all busily engaged in turning out movies.

**What Was in Happening:** In ensuing years, Warner Bros. (not to "Combine Good Citizenship with Good Picture Making") would film biographies of Louis Pasteur, Emily Zola, Juarez, and Dr. Paul Ehrlich. Also Mark Twain, the British actors, and Kinote Kaskas. There is no record of any attempt to prepare a film script based on the life of Dr. Albert Einstein.

Dr. Einstein, the visionary of whose birth is celebrated on March 14, was later to say, "The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science." ☐

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## S. ALLEN COUNTER

**HOME:** Cambridge, Massachusetts

**AGE:** 32

**PROFESSION:** Professor, neurobiologist

**HOBBIES:** Jungle exploration, film making, archery.

**MOST MEMORABLE BOOK:** "Origin of Species" by Charles Darwin

**LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT:** While continuing neurobiological research in the South American jungle, he discovered a little known Bush Afro-American tribe, the first black slaves in the Americas to gain independence.

**QUOTE:** "I am thrilled that my research and films have enabled me to contribute to the enlightenment of American culture. Only by being aware of our past can we deal with the present and future."

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